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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE Kaiser's speech at Hamburg on Monday has been turned over and over by German commentators as though it were some classical text. His theme was the stock one of the interest that a great shipping and commercial community must have in a strong fleet. The navy of Germany was necessary to protect her oversea commerce (why does our Admiralty by its insistence on the right of capture leave that powerful argument in the hands of the big navy men?), and to secure her a place in the sun. And then, he went on to say, that he was much mistaken if every Hamburger was not minded to strengthen the fleet "furtherhence" (*auch fürderhin*). Does strengthening the fleet "furtherhence," or, as the "Times" more elegantly translates the German "in the future also," mean that the Navy Law is presently to be recast and extended? The Socialist "Vorwärts" thinks so, and sounds a vigorous alarm. On the other hand, the Radical "Berliner Tageblatt" argues that the existing Navy Law is in fact constantly strengthening the fleet, that it has still six years to run, and that the Admiralty has hitherto set itself against the demands of the Navy League for its extension. The Kaiser's language was perhaps intentionally vague and ambiguous, and the "Vorwärts" is probably straining it to read into it an announcement of the intention to propose an increase of shipbuilding. Still, the sentence is undoubtedly a warning that, in the Kaiser's opinion at all events, the Navy Law does not represent the maximum of what Germany is prepared to do to defend her shipping and her political interests. Next year, it will be remembered, the German rate of naval construction under the Law is due to fall from four capital ships to two. An understanding with Germany now would ensure us

against an extension of the Law, and so make it twice as easy to maintain our naval supremacy.

* * *

A FRESH start was made with the Morocco negotiations on Thursday. Of the previous conversations between M. Cambon and Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, our Foreign Office had, we believe, no official cognisance; but it has now, apparently, been informed of the nature of the proposals that M. Cambon has taken back with him to Berlin. That may be because the final stage is felt to be approaching, or because the new French proposals may involve a revision of the Algeiras Act of which we are signatories. France, it seems, is prepared to enlarge her offers of compensation in the Congo if she can get a free hand in Morocco. But Germany has already, by her Convention with France in 1909, declared that she is concerned only with her economic interests in Morocco, and recognised France's special political interest in the maintenance of order. Germany's justification of her interference at Agadir was that France's political action threatened danger to her trade. Very well, France now says, if you want additional guarantees of the open door we will give them, provided you give us a freer hand politically; that will mean that you resign the right to interfere that you asserted at Agadir, and perhaps a modification of the Algeiras Act; but we will give you compensation in the Congo. The situation, though not unhopeful, is still one of delicacy. The general problem, viz., to couple what will in effect be a French protectorate of Morocco with adequate guarantees of the "open door" for trade, is one of particular importance for this country. But its situation is complicated by the existence in both countries of powerful colonial parties and selfish financial interests.

* * *

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking on Tuesday at Neath, close to the scenes of the recent disturbances in South Wales, made a strong appeal to the churches to realise more fully their responsibility towards the toiling and underpaid multitudes. "The first function of a church," he said, "is a spiritual one, but it has another duty in the material welfare of its members." In a tone of calmness and conciliation, he invited them to read the true moral of industrial unrest. "There are multitudes of people in this country to-day who, in spite of grinding toil, do not earn enough to keep body and soul together. On the other hand, there are others who toil not, neither do they spin, yet have a superabundance. As long as we have these conditions, we will have these outbursts." The Chancellor is perfectly right in supposing that no religious body which ignores this side of its duty can hope to keep its hold on us to-day; and in varying degrees all the churches have begun to recognise that. The difficulty is, perhaps, that many are willing to admit in general terms all that can be said against existing conditions, but are no whit more favorably disposed towards particular remedies which cost them some loss or inconvenience.

* * *

THE Coroner's inquests upon the victims of the Llanelly rioting elicited no new evidence of moment. A verdict of accidental death was returned in the case of the four people killed by the explosion in the goods yard,

and of justifiable homicide in the case of the two men shot by the soldiers. To the latter verdict the jury added a rider: "We think it would have been better if other means than the order to fire had been adopted by Major Stewart for the purpose of dispersing the crowd." There was evidence that stones were thrown at the military from the actual garden, on whose wall the two men shot were sitting, though none that they in particular threw stones. When a crowd is fired on, bullets, like rain, fall indifferently upon the just and the unjust. At Liverpool evidence was given that the soldiers were not only pelted but fired on before they replied. It may be remarked that the officer who gave the order to fire assumed in his evidence that a ringleader would be aimed at, but the sergeant who fired said it was impossible to do so.

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, who is presiding at this year's meeting of the British Association, devoted the bulk of his address to a lecture on his own subject. At the outset, however, he directed attention to educational topics, specially denouncing examinations and scholarships—the latter "a form of pauperisation practically unknown in every country but our own"; and at the close he offered some pessimistic observations regarding the exhaustion of the British coal supply. He told his audience that if the present rate of increase in our mining operations was maintained, in 175 years' time we should have no coal left; and he declined to share any confident hope of our having by that time found new sources of energy in the tides or elsewhere. On this it is, of course, impossible for anyone in the present state of science to speak with any certainty; but Sir William Ramsay's concrete suggestions were practical enough. They were that to avoid wasting the energy of our fuel, we should get rid, as far as possible, of the steam-engine in our factories, and the open fire in our homes, and carry much further the economical use of gas, electricity, and the turbine. He also gave strong support to a national policy of afforestation.

THE first prosecution for paying less than a legal minimum rate of wages, under the Trade Boards Act, was heard at Stourbridge at the end of last week. The defendant pleaded guilty to having employed three youths to make chains of a class for which the minimum wage was 17s. a hundredweight, and having only paid them from 12s. 6d. to 13s. The principal plea on his behalf was that he was not the only offender in the Cradley district. If this is so, it becomes pertinent to ask why he is the only one prosecuted? The public, we are convinced, will watch with exceptional interest the administration of this Act, and will expect considerable strictness in applying it, especially in a case like that of the chainmakers, where the rate of wages had so long been a byword.

A REMARKABLE table of the political libel actions brought since the last two General Elections was published on Tuesday by the "Star." It reveals upon a scale which cannot possibly be explained away the enormous difference between the result of such actions when brought by Unionists against Liberals and their result when brought by Liberals or Labor men against Unionists. There have been 17 Unionist actions, of which 16 have been won; the damages awarded total £28,135. On the other hand, the Liberal or Labor actions numbered 13; only 7 were successful, and only £550 0s. 0½d. was won altogether; in two other cases the Court advised a settlement. It may safely be said that the differences between the subject-matter of nearly

all the actions were trifling; and it will be seen that not only is a Unionist plaintiff about eight times as likely to win as a Liberal, but when he does win he gets on the average fifty times as much damages. It is true that one of these results—the most sensational—was upset by the Court of Appeal; but that does not mend matters for the divisional courts and the special juries. A remarkable feature is the local variation between the amounts obtained by Unionists themselves. Thus Mr. Lygon won an action in Peterborough for identically the same libel for which Mr. Percy Simmons won three actions in London. Mr. Lygon was awarded £1,000; Mr. Simmons got, from three Middlesex special juries, £12,500 in all.

THE Conservative newspapers found another mare's nest this week, and Lord Middleton was at hand to step into it. A certain lunatic, being released from Banstead Asylum, was brought before a police court, charged with assaulting a lady. Immediately the unhappy man became one of the objects of the Home Secretary's indiscriminating zeal. Mr. Churchill, it appeared, had insisted on his release, against the advice of the Medical Superintendent, and Lord Middleton, if correctly reported, drew the inference that the public would not long tolerate the use of the Home Office for self-advertisement. Unfortunately for this promising little campaign, there happened to be not a word of truth in the story, so far as concerned Mr. Churchill. The correspondence with the asylum was produced, and showed that the man was released, not against, but on the recommendation of the Medical Superintendent. But the public, we fear, will long continue an amused tolerance of mare's nests in August.

THE provisional Ministry which has ruled Portugal for eleven months, since the overthrow of the monarchy, has now resigned; the new Constitution has been voted by the Assembly, and a President has been appointed. The first President of the Portuguese Republic is Dr. Arriaga, a lawyer, a "moderate," and an orator. He did not take a prominent part in the Revolution of last year, and owed his election in part, at least, to that very fact, for the Provisional Government did not escape giving offence, and an attempt was made to prevent any of its members from standing for the Presidency. The attempt was not successful, but there was sufficient sympathy with it to defeat the candidature of Dr. Rachado, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and probably the ablest man in Portuguese politics. Now that the Constitution has been formally established, it is to be hoped that the recognition of the Republic by this country will be no longer delayed. Spain would probably follow our example, and that would release the new Government of most of its anxieties, and make it free to take up the domestic reforms which are so heavily in arrear. The friendship between the Royal Houses of England and Portugal makes it doubly necessary that our sympathy with the Republic should be placed quite above suspicion.

It is denied that the mysterious armed ships detained by the Customs authorities on the Thames and at Barrow were intended for use by Portuguese royalists, but the facts are certainly a little awkward. They would not have been detained at all but for the representations of the Portuguese Minister, and we know that the Portuguese Government was so certain that a filibustering vessel was on its way, that it actually sent a cruiser to search for it. At the end of July an interview with a Portuguese royalist appeared in a Madrid

paper, which said in so many words that ex-King Manoel was personally directing the Royalist conspiracy, and had devoted a third of his fortune to the enterprise. These statements may not be true, but they are at any rate capable of being believed by the Portuguese, and, if believed, of seriously undermining their traditional friendship with this country. We hope that the offences against the Foreign Enlistment Act committed by the charterers of the filibustering steamers will be investigated and properly punished. If it should turn out that they were intended for Portugal, the fact that we have not recognised the Republic would, fortunately, not hamper the prosecution. It is equally an offence against the Act if the foreign State against whom the expedition is being fitted out has or has not a government that is officially recognised by us.

* * *

THE loss of ten lives in an accident to a motor char-à-banc near Consett last Saturday revives the question whether these high-speed vehicles plying for hire ought not to be better inspected. The story of the mishap appears quite simple. The vehicle was half-way down a steep hill, when the driver found that its foot-brake was broken, and its emergency brake was not strong enough to hold it. Accordingly, it ran away at a terrific speed, and, in spite of clever and courageous driving, was dashed to pieces at the bottom of the hill. There has been no motor accident so serious since the very similar one some years ago on the Brighton road, when also ten persons were killed. If such vehicles were liable to drastic inspection by the authorities which license them we might hear no more of accidents apparently so preventable.

* * *

We are glad to see that Lord Eversley, who has been for half-a-century a most vigilant champion of public rights, is not going to accept the recent decisions of the House of Lords depriving fishermen of rights exercised for some centuries as the final settlement of questions of great public importance. Their decisions were discussed fully in these pages a few weeks ago. Lord Eversley has written to the "Times" to say that he gave notice of his intention to ask the Government to consider the expediency of amending the law, and that, at the Lord Chancellor's special request, he has postponed action until the Autumn Session. This, we hope, may be taken to mean that the Government are proposing to legislate in order to defend the public rights that are now in danger. Lord Eversley calls attention in his letter to the spirit of the Lord Chancellor's judgment, dissenting from the majority in the Wye case, "a judgment passed in indignant and even scathing terms, seldom heard from the Bench." We observe that the "Times," in a leading article in Wednesday's issue, admits that legislation is called for.

* * *

THE Canadian General Election campaign is now in full swing. It has been forced on the country by Conservative obstruction to the Reciprocity Agreement. There is no closure in the Canadian Parliament—and outside Quebec Reciprocity is the sole issue. It seems to be agreed that the Liberals will gain seats in the farming districts of the West, but it remains to be seen how far these gains will be counterbalanced by losses in the manufacturing districts of Ontario. Quebec, however, holds the key of the situation. Here Canadian Nationalists, under Mr. Bourassa, are in full revolt against Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whose naval proposals are attacked as tending to draw Canada into the vortex of

European politics. They have formed an alliance with the Opposition, whose objection to Sir Wilfrid Laurier is that he is too much of a Canadian Nationalist and too little of an Imperialist. There is much denunciation in the Liberal Press of this "unholy alliance" between Mr. Borden and Mr. Bourassa. But Mr. Bourassa's tactics are at any rate intelligible. Whether Sir Wilfrid Laurier or Mr. Borden comes into office, Mr. Bourassa hopes to make the majority so small that his little group of Canadian Nationalists will hold the balance of power, and dictate the policy of the Government. His electoral tactics and motives are precisely those of the Irish Nationalists in the elections of the 'eighties and 'nineties. But whereas the Irish voting strength in England is known, that of Mr. Bourassa's party in Quebec is quite incalculable. His attack on Sir Wilfrid Laurier in his own stronghold gives unusual piquancy to the contest.

* * *

A TRAGIC aftermath of the heat and drought is the abrupt rise of the infantile death-rate. In old days this used to go up and down regularly with the summer temperatures. In years of cool summers the children lived, in hot summers they died; but taking one year with another the number who died remained nearly the same, and extravagantly high. The health crusade, which took new vigor a dozen years or so ago, introduced a happy change, and since the beginning of the century the infantile death-rate has fallen pretty steadily, and has brought the general death-rate along with it, to its present unprecedentedly low figure. But the extreme heat of this year has for the moment overcome these beneficial tendencies. There is the more reason for redoubling efforts which in a dozen years have done so much in the alleviation of one of the saddest incidents of poverty.

* * *

THE new Bishop of Oxford is to be Dr. Gore, whose translation from the See of Birmingham (which was virtually his creation, and of which he was the first Bishop) will be a blow to the Church of England in the Midland metropolis. To Dr. Gore, who is an Oxford man to the backbone, and first rose to eminence as head of Pusey House, the change must be something of a home-coming. In the movement for the break-up of the Oxford diocese he may perhaps find scope for a statesmanship similar to his break-up of the diocese of Worcester. It remains to be seen how Oxford University will be affected by the advent of a Bishop so actively interested in its reform. Meanwhile, the resignation of Dr. Boyd Carpenter has created another vacancy at Ripon.

* * *

THE National Gallery has acquired another treasure of unique character and of the greatest beauty in the picture known as the "Castle Howard Mabuse," though in point of fact it has hung for many years at Naworth Castle. Owing to its remarkably good preservation, the picture, an "Adoration of the Magi," is a wonderful piece of coloring, giving a better conception than is easily obtainable elsewhere of the brilliancy of Flemish workmanship. The circumstances of the purchase are hardly less gratifying than the result itself. Acting in accordance with the wishes of the late Lord Carlisle, his widow has parted with the picture to the Trustees of the National Gallery for a sum of £40,000, which is admittedly far below the price which would have been easily obtainable, and the whole thing has been done by private arrangement, without advertisement or appeals to public sentiment. The contrast between this and most recent picture transactions is refreshing.

Politics and Affairs.

TRADE UNIONS AND THE PUBLIC.

A GREAT storm does not die away in a moment without some distant rumblings and threatenings of a renewal, and a detached observer would be more impressed by the general quiet resumption of industry during the last fortnight than by the troubles that have arisen in very exceptional instances to block the course of settlement. We trust that the judicial atmosphere of the Royal Commission will favor the growth of calm and deliberate examination of grievances, and we are glad to think it has started under favorable auspices. It would be quite out of place to comment on the evidence, of which as yet the public has only heard one side, and that incompletely. One point, however, has been brought out which is no matter of controversy, and which it is not therefore premature to commend to the attention of the public. This is the matter of the expenses incurred by the unions in working the Conciliation Scheme. The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, only one, though the largest, of the four unions concerned, estimates its expenditure in this connection at £30,000. Now, whether the working of the scheme is unduly expensive is a matter of controversy, and on that we should hear the evidence of the companies and the decision of the Commission before forming any opinions of our own. What is fair to point out at this stage is that expenditure on this scale is one of the things to be taken into account by anyone who wishes to understand the attitude of the union men. The Society has to spend money on what is, for an organisation consisting of poor men, a sufficiently extensive scale. It spends the money in defending or advancing the interests of its members, and whatever it retains or gains for them is shared, from the necessities of the case, by non-members. But all the while the Society on whom men with grievances rely has no acknowledged place in the working of the scheme. It has to do the work, but does not get the credit for it, and its members have to pay, while non-members stand to share any benefits that may accrue. This is one root of the demand for "recognition," and indeed of the whole feeling between the Society man and the non-unionist. We are wholly against any coercion of the non-union man. He has a perfect right to judge for himself whether he will throw in his lot with the Society or not, and the law is bound to protect his liberty. But we do an injustice to the unions, alike the leaders and the rank and file, if we do not seek to appreciate the situation as it appears to them, and if they contend—and this, we understand to be the sum of their contention in the present case—that in return for their efforts and their expenditure on behalf of the workmen's interest, they have a claim to recognised status, then we think that these figures are a relevant consideration which will weigh with many people.

The strongest point made against the unions on behalf of the companies, and by some of our correspondents and elsewhere in the Press, is that they do not on their side undertake any responsibilities in return

for recognition. Since the boilermakers' strike of last year, it has been felt that the leaders cannot be relied on to bind the men. Now, if this state of things were likely to be permanent, we should agree that it meant the decay and ultimate death of trade unionism. But there is great danger of judging from the exceptional cases which come before the public, rather than from the humdrum, prosaic, smoothly-running machine of which no one cares to talk. A very large part of the organised industry of the country is now governed by collective bargaining, and few in these industries, either of employers or employed, would wish seriously to revert to the old days of individual bargaining, modified by sporadic emotional strikes. The newer unions, and unions such as those of the railwaymen, which only command a minority of the workmen in an industry, have to learn from the older and more firmly consolidated that their permanent success depends upon their being accepted by both parties, employers as well as employed, as the medium of negotiation. This can only be if the leaders thoroughly understand the mind of their constituents, and can rely upon it that when they set their hands to an undertaking, that undertaking will be carried out.

It is not very easy to see on what lines the union officials can guarantee this in advance. No one can compel a couple of hundred thousand men to work if they are one and all determined to throw down their tools. No official, and, we may add, no law, and no paper rules, be they drawn never so wisely, can withstand a sudden wave of feeling like that which swept over the railwaymen three weeks ago. It is useless to ask for guarantees against popular emotion. It is almost equally useless for the men on their side to ask for guarantees that any decision impartially given will be as impartially carried out. The best guarantee that the men's leaders can give, it seems to us, is a personal one. If it were known that they would treat the repudiation of any agreements made by them as a decisive ground for immediate resignation, such a guarantee would carry great weight with any one who knows the trade-union world. The personal appeal would bind the men as perhaps nothing else would bind them. For trade-unionists, however angry with their officials, will scarcely ever dismiss them; the thought of turning a man out of his job is too painful to men to each of whom the loss of his job is the most continually present source of anxiety. The officials would hold their men by a moral tie, where neither pecuniary loss nor the abstract sense of legal obligation would avail.

The trouble in the railway world has arisen from mistrust on both sides. But given a recognised status for the unions, we do not see why the air should not be cleared here as it has been in other industries. The events of the summer have been due to a sudden uprising in the less fortunate ranks of labor against conditions which no disinterested man wishes to see maintained. Those who write to us of their sympathy with the demand for a living wage, and their dislike of the methods used to obtain it, do not perhaps exercise their imaginations sufficiently to realise the state of mind of men who are actually suffering from year to year from the

constant pinch. They do not perhaps ask themselves how they would behave if the sudden hope came of a relief from the persistent intolerable pressure; they are more impressed by the immediate danger of disorder and the present aggravation of misery through the stoppage of trade than by the permanent gains which may have resulted. Now, there is no division of opinion among any of us as to the necessity of maintaining order, securing non-unionists in the right to work, and providing for the food supply. The maintenance of order requires force, and there were during the strikes certain areas in which the ordinary force of the police was clearly insufficient. In those cases the employment of troops was necessary, and we have never criticised as some of our correspondents, whose letters we print to-day, would seem to think, the use of soldiers as such. What we do very strongly think is that the intervention of the soldier in civil strife is fraught with grave and permanent dangers, and that it should, therefore, be as unostentatious as possible, and as guarded and restricted as possible. These conditions were not observed during the railway strike. In particular, the salutary rule that the military should only be employed in any locality on the request of the authorities responsible for order in that locality was set aside, and an avenue thus opened for a very serious extension of arbitrary power. Such an exercise and such a display of power is not calculated, as long as the mass of the people retain any of the spirit of which we all on occasion are accustomed to boast, to make either for immediate order or for permanent peace. It is only too likely to convert industrial disputes into revolutionary movements, to encourage the wilder spirits who preach disregard of public interests, and to lower that respect for law and officers of law on which the high general level of public order in England depends.

THE MEASUREMENT OF INDUSTRY.

THE Board of Trade cannot be accused of undue haste in summarising the results of the census of production taken in 1907. Even the total figures now issued—which are prefixed in a curiously offhand way to the ninth set of tables showing figures for different industries—are subject to revision, but it is believed that the alterations will be of minor importance. They show us for the first time what, according to a careful enumeration, was the total value of all the productive work, exclusive of agriculture, done in these islands in the year 1907, and the number of people engaged in doing it: 6,936,000 people were engaged, in addition to about 100,000 outworkers, and they did work worth 712 millions sterling.

This enumeration covers every industry engaged in making or extracting anything, excepting agriculture alone. Coal-mines, iron-works, ship-yards; paper-mills and printing-houses, textile mills and dye-works; building and furnishing; brick-works and cement-works; food and drink; gas-works and water-works—every kind of occupation comes in (with that one exception) whose

workers are *making* something, and not merely transporting it or selling it. "Making" includes "getting," when that means getting something from Nature which—e.g., coal or water—is valueless unless got. The enumerators first give us the gross total of the output, i.e., the selling value of the articles made, or the estimated value of the constructional (or other similar) work. This gross total for the United Kingdom is 1,757 millions sterling. From it they then make two deductions—one of 1,019 millions, representing the cost of materials used, and another of 26 millions, representing work given out by one firm to another, which, unless deducted from the output of the first, would get counted twice over. This leaves, as we have seen, 712 millions net value as the output of the efforts of roughly seven million workers. In the tables showing gross output and materials there is a good deal of duplication; e.g., a steel-works makes steel, which an engineering works makes into a machine, which a manufacturer may use within the year, and at each of the three stages, the same article is enumerated, either as material, or as product, or as both. But in the tables of net output, there is no duplication; they show the actual value of all the work done.

One's first impression is that it is a somewhat smaller value than we should have expected. The most careful estimates of our national income still put it at 1,900 millions or upwards. How do we explain the enormous discrepancy between this figure and the 712? There is, to begin with, the value of materials, so far as this is not already covered. On this the Board of Trade promises us a future estimate. There is again the cost of transport, and the value of professional, domestic, and other services, which do not produce goods. The residue, and it looks as if it would be a large one, will represent the difference between wholesale and retail prices. The figure of 712 millions, so far as it represents the selling value of articles, represents their wholesale selling values. The interesting thing still to be determined will be to see how much this must be increased to give us the retail value, i.e., the cost to the ultimate consumer.

Similar questions are raised by the number of workers. The National Insurance Bill proposes to insure over 14 million workers. Here there are less than seven. Where are the rest? Agriculture accounts for a couple of millions; domestic service for a considerable number, shipping for a relatively small number; the difference seems to be made up of those who are engaged—middlemen and transport workers of different kinds—in conveying products, after they have been made, to the consumer. We have no exact figures on which to base a certain inference; but again it seems on the whole probable that the numbers engaged in transport and in dealing are larger than one would have expected as compared with those directly concerned in production itself.

The value yielded per worker in the productive industries, it will be seen, a little over £100 per year per worker, or a little less than £2 per week. One could wish it had been possible to show separately some estimate of the value of male, female, and child labor; but it is safe to assume that the average product of an adult male

worker is considerably higher. As it is, some striking differences are shown between the three kingdoms. Thus the value of the product per worker in England and Wales works out to £104.6, in Scotland to £90.9, and in Ireland to only £73.9. As wages are so much higher in England than in Scotland and in Scotland than in Ireland, the theory of the "economy of high wages" seems once more to be borne out.

In comparing the value of our home productions with our imports, it is necessary to remember that the ordinary figures for the latter are gross figures—*i.e.*, have had no deduction made for the cost of materials. In 1907 our imports of finished manufactured articles were about 50 millions. To get at the value of these on the same basis as the 712 millions of value created at home is impossible; but if we make a deduction in the same ratio as for our own—which is not likely to be far out—we get a figure of roughly 20 millions. The ratio of that 20 to the 712 represents the work that "might have been done by British labor" on that portion of our imports which does not supply either food for the people or materials and appliances for use in industry. So far we are able to measure the "menace" of foreign competition, and it is certainly not very formidable.

THE SEQUEL OF AGADIR.

If anything is more surprising than the secrecy of modern diplomacy, it is its almost indecent publicity. Nothing has been said on any public platform, or avowedly written in the daily press by any responsible statesman to indicate that the danger has gone by in the Moroccan crisis, and that a settlement is all but achieved. Yet by the mysterious and furtive mechanism of the "inspired" press, we all of us know, or suppose that we know, that this is the fact. The indiscretions of Berlin confirm the revelations of Paris, and London, which hardly yet has learned to be officially indiscreet, appropriates with a cordial assent the open secrets of the Continent. One is too grateful for the good news, to make more than a passing reference to the inconveniences of this method. Diplomacy to-day enjoys neither the mysterious prestige nor the immunity from criticism which belong to secrecy, for secret it has long since ceased to be. But it does incur, in the haphazard of partial revelations, incalculable risks of falsehood and misunderstanding which weight the scales in every transaction in favor of the more unscrupulous partner in the transaction. For our part, we are content for the moment to know as much as the rest of the world. We presume to be true what has always been probable. France and Germany are about to conclude the act of barter which was latent from the beginning in their rivalries. France will obtain what she so strongly wants, a privileged position in Morocco, guaranteed by her armies and recognised by Europe, which will in effect amount to a Protectorate. What particular legal fiction she may adopt to disguise her conquest need concern only the pedants and the jurists. It may be as indefinite as the tie which binds Egypt to our Empire, but unquestion-

ably it will be no less efficacious. She will keep in Morocco as many soldiers as suit her purpose, and with these behind her agents, she will rule a land which never has been ruled before. In the name of a puppet Sultan, her officers and her financiers, her consuls and her engineers will shape the country to their ends. The balance of good and evil later generations will assess. We may expect as the years go by to see busy roads and teeming fields, mines in the mountains where Shelley dreamed of the Witch of Atlas, and schools and *cafés chantants* in the shadow of ruined mosques. The crude tyrannies of the Kaïd and the brigand will give place to the systematic exploitations of the concessionaire and the labor agent. A shoddy, exotic civilisation will replace a dreamy culture that had ceased to live. The haste to seize and use will have done its work, and only a few idealogues will be left to wonder whether in the end Morocco might not have civilised more surely and as quickly if France had been content to send teachers instead of soldiers, and to wait until a generation of Young Moors had reformed the country from within. The other half of the bargain is of but mediocre interest. After talking to no purpose of concessions to Germany in Tahiti or Fernando Po, the price will eventually be paid in a slice, certainly large and perhaps immense, of the French Congo interior. The flag will be altered on some lonely forts amid the forests, and the natives will discuss among themselves the relatively unimportant differences in manners and morals of the new white men and the old. New companies will be formed in Berlin, and old companies will see their shares deflated in Paris. Fortunes will be made and lost, but nothing essential will be changed in the destinies of negro Africa.

Such a shuffling of territory makes a tempting theme for speculation. Here are two nations, busily concerned in their own affairs in Europe, a hundred millions of farmers and weavers, miners and traders, who have for two months lived under the exciting illusion that they have been exchanging vast estates in Africa, bargaining with their own property, handling a negotiation which profoundly affected their real interests. They certainly were ready to think of war as a possibility, and stranger still, our governing class, which has not even yet explained what were our supposed interests in the deal, were hardly less deeply stirred. The curious spectator who has read Mr. Norman Angell's brilliant pamphlet, will ask himself whether the whole play was mere illusion. Whatever the upshot of the negotiations, Morocco will not belong to the people of France as Bloomsbury belongs to the Duke of Bedford. She will draw from it no rents or revenues; on the contrary, she will probably expend many a round million before it is subdued. The indirect gain in trade will at the best be sparsely distributed, and the "open door" will admit the traders of other nations to reap where they have not sown. Patriots may dream and perorate about the great Empire that stretches as in Roman days through all Numidia and Mauretania. In only one sense is it possible that the power of France as a State will be enhanced. She may gain the services of a great army of semi-barbarous troops. But apart from this doubtful benefit, the whole gain and the only gain will go to the capitalists who will work the mines

and build the harbors with native labor, and to the financiers who will operate in Moorish concessions and loans. The real "illusion," a more desperate blindness than that which Mr. Angell has diagnosed, lies in the confusion which permits newspapers and the man in the street to imagine that a complicated piece of huckstering in which only the interests of these persons were at stake has been in some sense a national undertaking.

The interest of this crisis has, however, ceased to lie for us in Morocco. It will not be an easy task to content the German financial groups which claim a share in the profits of the exploitation of Morocco, while France plays the costly rôle of gendarme. It will be harder still to adjust the claims which Spain is certain to put forward. But for us, the real sequel of this dangerous incident is the aggravation which it has brought to the Anglo-German rivalry. We seem to be once more where we stood in the angriest days of Prince von Buelow's Chancellorship. The German Press makes no attempt to conceal its resentment. Even semi-official organs point the moral that England rather than France is the real enemy. "Incidents" spring spontaneously from the tension—now the unpleasant and rather mysterious affair of the interview ascribed to our Ambassador in Vienna, and again the usual balancing couple of trials for spying. The Kaiser has spoken, and his speech, a wonderfully clever and even tactful performance, can hardly be misunderstood. The metaphor of the racers who do not flog each other, but none the less beat and spur their steeds, and the call for a further increase of the navy carry their meaning quite clearly. The danger is not war. It is only the ruinous game of a dry war, a bloodless duel, a battle of steel and gold. Each Power is obsessed with the idea that it faces the other in an inevitable though outwardly peaceful antagonism. Each bids for ever against the other for allies, for understandings, for advantageous bargains, for exclusive influence in this or the other region of the world, for the power that translates itself in the opportunity to build railways or dig mines. The argument is carried on with Dreadnoughts and cannon none the less, though no ship is moved and no cannon fired. The German spectator sees that we attract allies and friends because we have a fleet. He hopes to compete with us because he has an army. He solaces himself for a relative failure, as one Berlin semi-official organ did this week, with the rather doubtful calculation that in twenty years the population of Germany will have doubled. It can hardly be disputed that Germany would, if she could, break the Anglo-French *entente*, though it may be argued that the resulting co-operation of French finance with German energy might benefit the world and make for peace. Nor can it with candor be denied that an official and governing class would view with dismay the entry of France into the ring of German influence, though it doubtless is true that we have not urged France to be exacting in the present negotiations. It is hard to see in this tangle a clear way out. One may argue, as we have often argued, that the reality of all this rivalry lies in its economic motives. A modern State does not desire power for its own sake; it sees in power the possibility of wealth—loans and concessions, railways and

irrigation schemes and mines. On that basis a bargain might be struck, which need not leave us isolated, though it should end the Franco-German feud. But in such an atmosphere as weighs upon us all to-day, it seems futile to make such a suggestion as this. Yet any attempt at a settlement is preferable to the menace of a renewed and accentuated rivalry in Dreadnoughts, which seems to be the only outcome that suggests itself to some minds.

POLITICS IN JAPAN.

THE resignation of the Katsura Ministry is an indication that domestic affairs in Japan have again reached a crisis. The conclusion of the war brought great disappointment to the people, because they had been promised that some of the heavy war taxes imposed would be repealed as soon as the war was over. But as Japan got no substantial indemnity from Russia, this was impossible, and taxation now is as high, or higher, than it was when the war came to an end. By retaining the war taxes, however—including an income tax which runs up to five shillings in the pound—the Government was able to pay interest on the debt, and to provide a substantial sinking fund, as well as to effect some good conversions of the 5 per cent. and 6 per cent. loans. They were also able to enlarge very greatly the military and naval establishments, besides spending freely in Korea on strategic railways. But the Government is now confronted with an urgent demand for still more money from both the military and naval departments, and at the same time with a universal cry for the lowering of taxes from all parts of the country. The army men, who are perhaps the strongest, demand a standing army of 25 divisions, including two additional divisions in Korea. The naval authorities ask for an additional expenditure of 40 millions sterling (400,000,000 yen), to be spread over the next few years, for the construction of battleships and cruisers "in order to maintain the balance of power after the completion of the Panama Canal." An addition of 8 millions sterling has already been sanctioned for the navy; but otherwise Prince Katsura has been able to postpone matters, and to play off the military against the naval men. Nevertheless, his resignation at the end of last week is plainly a proof that he cannot see his way any longer either to hold his ground against the new demands or to provide the necessary ways and means by any satisfactory system of finance.

According to the "Japan Mail," which reproduces some well-informed opinions from the Japanese Press, Prince Katsura had five reasons for determining to resign the Premiership. First of all, his policy of paying off debt and of stopping new loans has broken down; for the taking over of the railways by the Government has already involved large expenditure, which is not covered by railway receipts, and can only be provided by a fresh issue of bonds. Secondly, while the military preparations of China and Russia make an increase of the army in Korea necessary, and further additions to the navy are required, the Prince has been able to devise

no means of providing funds for this purpose. Thirdly, his purely financial policy has now begun to fail; for though his first loan conversions were successful, his later ones have gone badly, and Japanese credit has been deteriorating, as may be seen from the decline of bonds both at home and in foreign markets. Fourthly, the depression of business continues, the real cause (according to the Japanese newspapers) being heavy taxation, combined with the constant monopolisation of paying enterprises by the Government. These troubles have been aggravated by natural calamities—floods, fires, and bad crops. Fifthly, and lastly, the business men and financiers, with whom the Government has co-operated, are becoming unpopular, and attacks on Trusts and speculators are beginning to be made.

Upon the whole, then, the fall of the Katsura Government is a bad sign. Its finance has been as good as circumstances permitted; from a diplomatic point of view its annexation of Korea must be considered a success; it has drawn up a convention with Russia; it has renewed the treaty of alliance with England, and it has managed to get through a new tariff without causing very much irritation abroad. It remains to be seen whether Marquis Saionji will be able to form a Cabinet, and if so, how he will solve the financial problem of armaments. It seems almost certain that the sinking fund for paying off debt will have to be abandoned, and that the taxation of Japan must continue to increase, though how any fresh revenues are to be provided is a mystery. It must not be supposed that all the leading men of Japan are believers in the "spirited" foreign policy and the plans for a further expansion of the army and navy, which appear to predominate among the ruling classes. Count Hayashi, for example, in a recent contribution to the "Taiyo," pointed out the dangers of isolation, and the necessity for an alliance with England, but he added that Japan must "dismiss from her mind all wild thoughts of aggression." Count Hayashi added: "In every country there are among ill-informed young men many who advocate the expansion of empire by the seizure of territory from others, but the day is past for the pursuance of any such policy. Any country which gives itself up to this method of procedure endangers its existence thereby, as it stirs up hostility on every side. If Japan were to show any signs of being guided by the sentiments expressed by our chauvinists, there would not be the slightest chance of the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. All attempts to make ourselves appear stronger than we are by the increase of armaments out of all proportion to our financial resources, are bound to end in failure. This outward show may dazzle the eyes of onlookers for a few years, but it is an extremely dangerous policy to pursue. The future of the Alliance will depend on the main policy pursued by our Government." This, it should be observed, was written just before the conclusion of the new Treaty with England, and we are glad to read in a recent telegram that Count Hayashi is likely to become Foreign Minister in the new Government. Should that happen, a prudent policy may, after all, prevail over the demands of the Expansionists.

Life and Letters.

MENTAL EUGENICS.

It is horrible. We are being overpopulated with spirits. Day by day, hundreds of newly-created ghosts issue into the world—not the poor relics and incorporeal shadows of the dead, but real living ghosts, who never had any other existence except as they now appear. They are creations of the mind—figments they are sometimes called—but they have as real an existence as any other created thing. We love them or hate them, we talk about them, we quote them, we discuss their characters. To many people they are much more alive than the solid human beings whom in some respects they resemble. Obviously they are more interesting, else the travellers in a railway carriage would converse instead of reading. Some minds cannot help producing them. They produce them as easily as the queen bee produces the eggs that hatch into drones. And both the number and productivity of such minds are terribly on the increase. A few years ago Anatole France told us that, in Paris alone, fifty volumes a day were published, not to mention the newspapers; and the rate has gone up since then. He called it a monstrous orgy. He said it would end in driving us mad. He called books the opium of the West. They devour us, he said. He foresaw the day when we shall all be librarians. We are rushing, he said, through study into general paralysis.

Does it not remind one of the horror with which the wise and prudent about a century ago began to regard the birth-rate? They beheld the geometrical progression of life catching up the arithmetical progression of food with fearful strides. Mankind became to them a devouring mouth, always agape, like a nestling's, and incessantly multiplying, like a bacillus. What was the good of improving the condition of Tom and Sal, if Tom and Sal, in consequence of the improvement, went their way and in a few years produced Dick, Poll, Bill, and Meg, who proceeded to eat up the improvement, and in a generation produced sixteen other devourers hungrier than themselves? It was an awesome picture, that ravenous and reduplicating mouth! It cast a chill over humanity, and blighted the hope of progress for many years. To some it is still a bodeful portent, presaging eternal famine. It still hangs ominously over the nations. But, on the whole, its terrors have lately declined; one cannot exactly say why. Either the mouth is not so hungry, or it gets more to eat, or, for good or evil, it does not multiply so fast. And now there are these teachers of eugenics, always insisting on quality.

The question is whether some similar means might not check the multiplication of the ghosts that threaten to devour the mind of man. The progression of man's mind can hardly be called even arithmetical, and the increase of ghosts accelerates frightfully in comparison. If Paris produced fifty books a day some years ago, London probably produces a hundred now. And then there are Berlin and all the German Universities, where professors must produce or die. And there are New York and Boston. Rome and Athens still count for something, and so does Madrid. Scandinavia is no longer sterile, and a few of Russia's mournful progeny escape strangulation at their birth. Not every book, it is true, embodies a living soul. Many are stillborn; many are like dolls, bleeding sawdust. But in most there dwells some kind of life, hungry for the human brain, and day by day its share of sustenance diminishes, if shares are equal. They are not equal, but the inequality only increases the clamor of the poor among the ghosts. Take the case of novels, which make up the majority of books in the modern world. We will assume the average of souls in a novel to be five, the same as the average of a human family. Probably it is considerably higher, but take it at five. Let us suppose that fifty novels are produced per day in London, Paris, New York, Berlin, and other large cities together, which we believe to be a low estimate. Not counting Sundays and Bank holidays, this will give us rather more than 75,000 newly created souls a year—cannibal souls, ravening for the brains of

men and women similar to the brains that gave them birth, and each able to devour as many brains as it can catch. It is no good saying that nearly all are short-lived, dying in six months like summer flies. The dead are but succeeded by increasing hordes. They swarm about us; they bite us at every turn. They sit in our chairs, and hover round our tables. They speak to us on mountain tops, and if we descend into the Tube, they are there. They absorb the solid world, making it of no account beside the spirit world in which we dwell, so that we neither see nor hear nor handle the realities of outward life, but perceive them only, if at all, through filmy veils and apparitions, the haunting offspring of another's mind. And remember, we are now speaking of the spirits in novels alone. Besides novels, there are the breeding grounds of the drama, the essay, the lyric, and every other kind of spiritual and imaginative book. In every corner the spirits lurk, ready to spring upon us unawares. We are ghost-ridden. The witches tear us. Our life is no longer our own. It has become a nebula of alien dreams. O wretched men that we are! Who shall deliver us from the shadow of this death?

To what can we look? Prudence may save us in the end, for if the spirits utterly devour us, they will find they cannot live themselves. In the end, Nature may adjust their birthrate. But at what cost, after how cruel a struggle for existence! Might not teachers of eugenics do something drastic, and at once? Critics are the teachers of spiritual eugenics. Could not a few timely words from them hold the productive powers of certain brains in check. It is easily said, but the result is very doubtful. Mr. Walkley, in an unintentionally despairing article in the "Times" of August 21st, says the critics are powerless to stem the increasing flood that pours in upon us, like that hideous stream of babies that Mr. Wells once saw pouring down some gutter or rain-pipe. Mr. Walkley says no real and industrious artist ever stops to listen to criticism. He says the artist simply cannot help it; the creature is bound to go on creating, whatever people say. Mr. Walkley goes further, and tells us the critic himself is an artist; that he also cannot help it, but is bound to create. So we go on from bad to worse, the creative artist not only producing shadows on his own account, but the shades of shadows through the critics. Our state is becoming a bewildered horror; and yet we cannot deny that Mr. Walkley is right, though we may regard his pessimism as exaggerated. There are one or two cases on record in which criticism, or the fear of it, has really checked the production of peculiarly sensitive and fastidious minds. We will not mention Keats, for after the savage and tartar article he went on producing in greater quantity and finer quality than ever before, and would have so continued but for a very natural death. Robert Montgomery, whom Macaulay killed, is a happier instance. But there may here and there also have been a poet or novelist like that "Pictor Ignotus" of Browning's, who cried:—

"I could have painted pictures like that youth's
Ye praise so!"

He would have had a painter's fame:—

"But a voice changed it. Glimpses of such sights
Have scared me, like the revels through a door
Of some strange house of idols at its rites!
This world seemed not the world it was, before:
Mixed with my loving, trusting ones, there trooped
... Who summoned those cold faces that begun
To press on me and judge me? Though I stooped
Shrinking, as from the soldiery a nun,
They drew me forth, and spite of me . . . enough!"

Unhappily, there are few souls so humble, so conventional as that. George Eliot, as Mr. Walkley recalls, was terrified lest ill-judged blame or ill-judged praise should discourage her production; but then she made it a strict rule never to read any criticism, so that, of course, it had no restraining effect upon her. Wordsworth seems to have read his critics, but though they did their utmost to restrain or silence him, he paid no heed. "Too petulant to be passive to a genuine poet," he called them:—

"Too petulant to be passive to a genuine poet, and too feeble to grapple with him;—men of palsied imagination and indurated hearts; in whose minds all healthy action is languid,

who therefore feed as the many direct them, or, with the many are greedy after vicious provocatives;—judges, whose censure is auspicious, and whose praise ominous!"

In such there was no restraining power for such a man, any more than in Christopher North for Tennyson:—

"When I heard from whom it came,
I forgave you all the blame;
I could not forgive the praise,
Trusty Christopher!"

On this line, then, there is not much to be hoped from the critics. Over-sensitive writers are too rare, and the productive impulse of the others is too self-confident for prudence to smother. Obviously, they care no more for the critics than Tom and Sal a century ago cared for Malthus. They disregard them. The most savage criticism only confirms their belief in the beauty and necessity of their progeny, just as a mother always fondles the child that its aunts consider plain. Against such obstinacy, what headway can the critics make? May we not advise them to drop the old method of frontal attack altogether? Let them adopt the methods of these new teachers of eugenics, whom we have described as insisting on quality. For the teachers of eugenics, as we understand, do not go about saying, "O parents, what inferior and degenerate children you have! How goose-faced, rabbit-mouthed, lantern-jawed, pot-bellied, spindle-shanked, and splay-footed they are! It was a most anti-social action to produce these puny monstrosities, and when you found yourselves falling in love, you ought to have run to opposite antipodes." That, we believe, is no longer the method of the eugenic teacher. He now shows beforehand wherein the beauty and excellence of human development may lie. He insists upon quality, he raises a standard, he diffuses an unconscious fastidiousness of selection. He does not prevent Tom and Sal from falling in love, but he makes Tom, and especially Sal, less satisfied with the first that comes, less easily bemused with the tenth-rate rubbish of a man or girl.

By similar methods, it seems to us, the critics might even now relieve humanity from the inundating host of spirits that threatens to overwhelm us. They find it useless to tell creative writers how hideous and misbegotten their productions are—how deeply tainted with erotics, neurotics, hysteria, consumption, or fatty degeneration. Either the writers do not listen, or they reply, "Thank you, but neurotics and degeneracy are in the fashion, and we like them." Let the critics change their method by widely extending their action. Let them insist upon quality, and show beforehand what quality means. Let them rise from the position of reviewers, and apply to the general thought of the world that critical power of which Matthew Arnold was thinking when he wrote:—

"The best spiritual work of criticism is to keep man from a self-satisfaction which is retarding and vulgarising, to lead him towards perfection by making his mind dwell upon what is excellent in itself, and the absolute beauty and fitness of things."

Such criticism, if persisted in by all critics for a generation, would act as so wholesome and tonic a course of eugenic instruction, would so strongly insist upon quality, and so widely diffuse an unconscious fastidiousness of selection, that the locust cloud of phantoms which now darkens the zenith might be dissipated, and again we should behold the sky, which is the home of stars. For we may safely suppose that excellence will never be super-abundant, nor quality be found in hordes. No one can tell how fine, how fit, and few the children of our creative artists might then become. But, as in prophetic vision, we can picture the rarity of their beauty, and when they come knocking at our door, we will share with them the spiritual food that they demand from our brains, and give them a drink of our brief and irrevocable time.

THE PERILS OF THE SOUL.

WHEN the Post-impressionists brought their strange wares to London this spring, there were some things among them which it is good to forget, and even more

which it is easy to forget. But of one series of these uncanny experiments the memory will not leave us. It seemed as we looked at them that we had gone beyond childhood, and passed the frontiers of history. They were simpler than our recollections of our sophisticated and civilised nursery. They had a full-blooded audacity on which no Primitive would venture. They seemed to go down to the back of beyond, and as one gazed at them, the clothes slipped from one's mind and accretions of science and scepticism fell like scales from one's eyes. It was Gauguin's sketches from Tahiti that so affected us. Here were brown men and women, and cool huts and sun-steeped palms, but they were not the natives, the huts, and the palms which we should see if fortune carried us to-morrow to the Spice Islands. Gauguin, by some sympathetic magic, had taught himself to see as the people of Tahiti see. They were not pictures of native life. They were native pictures of life. By what uncanny magic the thing had been wrought, one did not pause to inquire. They were much too sincere for analysis. One felt instinctively that Gauguin had taught himself to see as a Tahitian sees. It is something of this experience which creeps over the reader as he turns the alluring pages of Dr. Frazer's "Golden Bough." To shiver over a Yule-tide fire at a tale of ghosts and goblins is, by comparison, an innocuous amusement. In "The Perils of the Soul" (Macmillan), one finds oneself caught in the meshes of savage logic. Begin smiling, continue curious, and you will end convinced, instructed, and bewitched. There is a persuasive reason in it all which it needs a firm mind to resist. You must cross yourself as you turn the pages, and it is well, when you come to the end of a chapter, to read an evening paper, to turn up the electric light for a few minutes, or go out and send a telegram. The germs of these "superstitions" are still in your blood. These taboos and prohibitions are the foundations of your daily habits. Do you yawn incredulous at the assertion? But ask yourself, polite reader, why it is as you yawn that you put your hand to your mouth. It is, of course, because your soul is in peril. The avenues to its hidden seat are open, and some malign influence might enter—yea, even through the barrier of gold-stopped teeth. You turn from such extravagant nonsense to eat your luncheon. Call it politeness if you will, that bids you raise your food on forks to your lips. Prudence is a better name for your manners. Who knows but your hands have touched unawares a king or a corpse, a mother or a new-born babe? It was a care for your own soul, however you may choose to disguise it, that taught you these precepts of delicacy. Had you come straight from fondling your infant in the nursery and put food into your mouth with fingers still tingling from that uncanny influence, your days in the land would surely have been numbered. We reflect, indeed, with a gratitude which could not be exaggerated, that no name at the conclusion of this article will expose our own soul to the wiles of some opposition wizard. No wise savage will disclose his real name even to the wife of his bosom, and the canons of British journalism have wisely preserved the habit of anonymity, which even Australian blackfellows have the good sense to adopt.

Our forefathers used to collect with reverent hands fragments of savage religion in which they saw proofs of a universal faith. The contemporary study of primitive habits of thought has opened an even more fascinating and fruitful chapter. Anthropologists are piecing together at last the rudiments of a savage psychology which threatens to be in the end as elaborate and difficult as any theory which comes, shrouded in mathematics, from a psycho-physical laboratory. The general conception is bold and simple enough, and we may state it without much risk of controversy. The soul is, as every honest savage will admit, a little replica of a man, a doll, a homunculus. Opinions differ somewhat as to its exact height, but it is agreed that fat men have fat souls, and thin men thin souls, and the better opinion is that their average height, when fully grown, is about eight inches. Experiment has fully verified these well-grounded beliefs. An experienced magician knows that when he has to snare the soul of a thin man, a tight noose is useful, and when his victim is corpulent, it is advisable to give him rather

more rope. It goes wandering in sleep. It is absent, and threatens to go permanently astray when you are ill. It is insecurely attached to its tenement in the first days after birth, and even during the early years of childhood. It can be caught and lured by spells, shut in a bag, or snatched in a cloth by a skilful soul-doctor, and injured in countless ways by enemies, with or without the aid of magicians. So far, the general doctrine is clear and sharply-defined, and the whole of the savage practice, morals, manners, superstition, and legislation, is little more than a set of rules founded partly on experience and partly on bold *a priori* reasoning for the defence and preservation of the soul.

The real refinements of the study begin when we come to inquire into the origin of this concept of the soul. The working theory of animism which Tylor was the first to formulate boldly, has passed by now into our common stock of beliefs. The soul was an hypothesis formed to explain primarily the fact of dreams. What was it, the self, yet not the body, which wandered forth in sleep, met and conversed with other disembodied selves, handled the shadows of material things, and encountered the dead as though they still were real? That theory of the origin of the idea of the soul has lived for a generation, and manifestly it fits the facts. But an even bolder and more alluring speculation is beginning to make way against it. What if animism should be but a savage anticipation of some Platonic theory of ideas? Primitive man had more to explain than the strange mobility, the independent life of his "soul" in sleep. He had to account for an even more dazzling miracle in his waking life. He could call up the images of his friends and his enemies, of his beasts and his tools. His visual memory is commonly much sharper and more definite than that of civilised men. It is certain that he had no conception of his own mental processes as subjective. When images of men and things came before his inner eye, sharp and clear, yet somehow insubstantial, it may well be that he saw in them, as Mr. Crawley has argued, not his own memories but souls. The independent life of the spirits and essences of things in dreams is, on this reading of savage psychology, but a particular case of their parallel behavior in the daily waking experiences of the memory. Something is there which can be seen when the substantial body is not present, and that something is the soul. A by-way led from this general conception into all the lore about shadows and reflections in water and in mirrors. An even more exciting extension of the doctrine was made by the savage schoolmen who grafted a nominalist heresy on to this orthodox conception of the soul as an image. A man's name was certainly in some sense himself, a part of him, the essence of him, indissolubly bound to his image and his soul. Hence it happened that it also partook of the perils of the soul and shared its fate. Some savages keep their names secret, and elect to be called by some secondary title which is not their name. An enemy or a wizard may destroy you with a spell if he does not know your real name to play with. In other tribes the danger was held to come only from a man's uttering his own name himself. It is his soul, and if he were to breathe it out with his breath, he would waste his spiritual substance. There are, however, certain advantages in the possession of a name which it is unfair to omit from our survey. A new name at baptism is a great spiritual safeguard. There are Kafir medicine men who can cure moral obliquity by breathing the name of a thief into a kettle full of magic herbs, and leaving it, with the lid tightly fastened, to dissolve its iniquities in the purifying fluid. A soul is a risky possession, but it has in this complex world certain well-defined advantages.

Who does not know the mood of critical reminiscence in which one turns back from the platform of our own generation to survey the assumptions that governed our helpless childhood? With what anger and self-pity one notes here the crude morality and there the superstitious convention which cramped our growth and subjected us to needless torments. It is something of this feeling which rises in the mind from a perusal of such a cyclopædia of savage thought as the "Golden Bough." For two sections of mankind in particular it is calculated

to inspire the humane reader with boundless pity—for kings and for women. If the learned world had but known in the seventeenth century, when it really was interested in kings and their divine right, a tithe of this modern lore about the origin and meaning of kingship, it would have raised its monument not to one martyr but to a martyred race. One understands it all, his sanctity, his authority, his iron subjection to etiquette, when one realises that he was from the beginning a source of supernatural powers which swayed the seasons and commanded the skies. If he nodded, it might rain, and a wise tribe so enmeshed him in rules and prohibitions that he might not nod, unless his nodding happened to be advantageous. No profane hand might touch him, and to this day if an Indo-Chinese monarch should fall from his carriage, no pitying arm will raise his broken bones unless a European should haply come that way. Royal blood may not be spilled on the ground, and (in Siam), if a Prince must be killed, it is customary to bray him in a mortar, or (in Madagascar) to burn him alive. Dr. Frazer has exhausted the last possibilities of this pitiful theme. But there remains to be written the book which will fully trace the mazes of ingenious cruelty which women have endured in consequence of the savage's deductions from the doctrine of the soul. Iron and corpses and kings were all of them terrible curses. But there was nothing in nature which the savage dreaded like a woman. She was always dangerous, but more particularly when she most needed his care. Her touch was pollution. If she steps over your assegais, you may as well give them at once to your children to play with. If you were to see her within a few days before or after child-birth, you would lose your manly valor, and be worsted in war. The reason for such terrors (and for others even more cruel in their effects) is a logical deduction from the theory of the soul; but it is one of those ugly savage anecdotes which a civilised man shrinks even from telling. Yet it lies, we suspect, at the whole root of history. It was probably not jealousy (nor even chivalry) which led to the original seclusion and subjection of women, but a rule of prudence founded on the amazing anxiety of early man to keep his soul unspotted and secure. If kings knew their business they would join with women, their fellow-victims of superstition, in a concerted movement to destroy the last vestiges of superstition. The chapter is nearly closed, and Lord Cromer, the last exponent of the savage fear of women, will join with Lord Rosebery, the last pillar of monarchy, to lament among the ruin of taboos and harems "the end of all things," and the final peril of the soul.

HOLIDAY PEARLING.

A PUBLIC statement to the effect that "the Scottish mussel-pearl season is now in full swing," will be to some of us news in a double sense, and to others a far from balmy appeal to memory on behalf of the unfortunate parents of the pearls themselves—"the great mussels," which abound in so many beautiful rivers between the Solway Firth and the Moray Firth. It is not generally known that pearling exists as a regular and profitable industry in Great Britain. Perhaps "speculative" were a better word than "profitable," although the profit to health of pottering about in the pure streams of the North in good summer weather may be taken into consideration. It is an old industry, however, very suitable for persons of vagabond instincts, yielding fair average results for labor, and occasionally thrilling its votaries with a pearl of price at which even the canny jeweller of Dundee or Perth, accustomed to "bargains" from the inexperienced pearler, will unwarily open his eyes wide. In the United States young men combine holidays and prospecting for minerals. Scotland offers similar stimulating opportunities with its pearls, as well as its Sutherlandshire gold dust. The necessary outfit is of the simplest; a strong knife or chisel, a long rake to harvest the mussels from the sandy bottoms of the stream, a tin cylinder for peering into the water to discover the mussels, and a boat from

which to peer. Even a proper boat is not an essential, and an orthodox rake is a luxury for many a ragged pearler from Glasgow's slums, who tramps to his pet river as London's East-ender to the Kentish pea-fields and hop-gardens. He risks his life on a home-made punt of bacon-boxes, and a long stick with any sort of scoop at the end and an old meat-tin supply his other requirements. Mountain rivers which become placid lower down are his best working material, and it is in these wooded valley reaches that he opens the hapless great mussels on the banks, and leaves the carcasses to pollute the air. He is a nuisance to the landowners, but has prescriptive right on his side, and knows it. On the other hand, when he finds anything exceptional, he has the wit to give the persons of quality in the neighborhood first chance as buyers. That is quite as it should be. Many a necklace and fine pin in the North owe their treasures to a succession of pearlers like Sandy. If only the various Sandys would adopt the plan of their brother pearl-seekers of Saxony and Bavaria, and replace the mussel alive in its bed after careful partial opening of the shell, we should find no fault at all with him.

Among rivers of long-established reputation for pearls, the Esks of Forfarshire and Kincardineshire, the Isla, the Ericht, the Tay and its larger tributaries, the Earn, the Forth, the "royal" Dee of the North, and that other "black" Dee of Kirkcudbrightshire in Galloway, all deserve mention. The West Esk by Brechin has this present summer yielded a pearl of 25 grains, said to be "a faultless specimen." That might well put £25 into the pocket of the most ignorant of poor pearlers, and enrich the first purchaser by several times as much. But such finds are rare. The average pearler is content if at the end of his season he can show a phial of lead-colored and brown rubbish, with two or three little lustrous white specimens, worth to him about £1 apiece. He passes long midge-bitten days, hauling and opening recklessly without result. Experience teaches him that the more ragged the shell, the greater the likelihood of a "shellberry" within; but he spares none of the innocents he brings to the surface. Nor does he ever lose hope until continuous rain and sweeping spates endanger him as a navigator and baffle his prospecting meat tin. Apart from his unconventional pastime, the Scottish pearler is often an interesting human subject. The writer has interviewed him on the banks of the charming Tummel of Perthshire, where the river winds darkly through low-brooding timber into the sands of Loch Tummel, and been fascinated by his temperament and tales. Seated at his daring little fire in the woods, with his wigwam behind him, and midges all round him, he tells with dry resignation of the local gentry and the Perth tradesmen who have benefited by his ignorance. He has accepted £2, £3, and £5 for pearls worth—whatever figure his imagination of the moment elects to name—"They have all the advantage of a poor body, ye ken." And then out comes his bottle or canister of that year, and he streams pearls into his palm, as eager as ever to be taken advantage of. He is not generally very eloquent to the casual stranger about the pleasures of his summer calling, but, dexterously coaxed, he may be fired into stirring recollections of this and that occasion when a week of barren days and despair has ended in the haul of "an auld wrinkled 'un" that gave up a pearl which he sold for £5—"and God kens what the ither folks made out of it." If in the meantime you seem to admire the best pearl of his present collection, he will at once compare it very favorably, for lustre, size, and sphericity, with the particular "Luck of a Last Moment" just described. Nevertheless, you may have it at your own price, being an obvious gentleman. It is difficult to resist such attractive huckstering, even in the twilight, among the midges.

To recur, however, to pearling, as a variant on golf, trout fishing, mountain climbing, and one's other holiday pursuits in the North. There are records of ancient as well as modern luck to encourage one's hopes. In 1705 John Spruel of Edinburgh wrote in praise of the quality of Scottish pearls as contrasted with the more fashionable pearls of the East. A little later we read of ten thousand pounds' worth of the gems being sent to London in five

years from two rivers alone, the Tay and the Isla. And in 1860 there was actually a mussel-pearl syndicate in Scotland, controlled by a German who had learnt his pearlying in Saxony and Bavaria. In that one year Scottish pearls worth £12,000 passed through his hands. As fine pearls have increased quite tenfold in their value since 1860, this suggests that many fortunes may be lying begging in the bottoms of the rivers in 1911. An Oriental potentate and lover of pearls has said of them that their use "conduces to contentment of mind and to strength of body and soul," also, that taken, powdered, in sherbet, they are a specific against evil spirits. One might remember this while taking one's ticket from Euston to the crimson North, although the finding of pearls may not be such perfect medicine for the mind as the wearing of them.

THE PARTRIDGE.

YESTERDAY the partridges lived in security, almost in friendship, under the protection of man. Lest the more evilly-disposed members of his species should net the covey as it sat in its "jug" by night, brambles and briars were strewn over the fields. When the birds were flushed by accident, man stood and watched them skim away with a kind of respectful admiration. It had been so ever since the wingless chicks had run from the shell and, according to the experience of one summer, it was perfectly safe to let man come within thirty, twenty, or ten yards as you took your dust bath in the open road or pulled an ants' nest to pieces for the little white grubs it holds. Ancestral experience urged a contrary policy. Perhaps the partridge is by nature one of the least sociable of birds; perhaps we have made it so. At any rate, the instinct or the natural exclusiveness that made it keep always at a fair distance is abundantly justified to-day. As the covey that is least cautious gets on the wing, the gun cracks its smokeless decree, and a brown bird crumples in mid-air and falls to the ground. This was the meaning of man's friendliness, of his protection, of his respectful admiration.

For some time the world has been tumbling about their ears. The vast green jungle wherein they pecked all manner of live things has ripened its corn sooner than usual, and has not only been cut and stooked, but carried away. Very few farmers have followed the general custom of our ancestors of cutting the stubble long enough to make good cover for the birds. An inch of straw less in the reaping means several hundred-weights to the acre, and the farmer's new system of book-keeping takes account of it. The grass shrank till it failed to cover even a starling. It made some amends by turning at the same time to a protective color, but now that the showers have greened it, the coveys are quite conspicuous as they run about or sit listening to the mother's call. A gun-shot or two will make them very wary, and in the absence of cover to hold them, they may have to be driven.

Perhaps there ought to be a rule of sport against the driving of the partridge, just as there is against worming for trout and killing rooks with a shot gun. It is clearly not a bird to be shot like the grouse by the thousand brace per diem. It ought not to be cooped and multiplied, even if it were possible, as the pheasant is. As an accidental inhabitant of the cultivated countryside, it has an unique position in our avi-fauna. It is a salmon among birds, the only wild poultry that lowland farmers know. Cultivation does not drive it out, often does not diminish its numbers. There may be a place for it even when the whole country has been put under spade culture. The most likely place to find a particular covey to-day is in the allotments' field, and one of the strongest broods of the year was hatched in the hedge of a farm-house garden. The daily beat of each covey is known to the resident sportsman. When, skilfully guided by his dog, he flushes them from the turnips and fires at them, he knows that he has subtracted a brace from a covey of fourteen. If he wants another brace, he must tramp after them, and take it

in the time-honored way. Perish the thought that the whole partridge population of the parish should be rounded up and driven to him in a mass of unknown individuals. He likes to know the birds to spare, as well as the birds to shoot. By leaving young birds of the largest coveys for next year's stock, we hope for future large coveys, and, towards the end of the season at any rate, every shot fired may have a message of life as well as a message of death.

The drive is a method of barbarism, an ancient and unsportsmanlike way of getting food, revived in our day by a passion for records and lust of slaughter. Prehistoric man organised great horse drives which, if successful, stampeded the animals by hundreds over a precipice. There were no sporting papers in those days to hold up the record of one year for the emulation of the next, but no doubt oral tradition carried the matter on by remembering the number of days' gorge that the food provided. To-day, we keep the poulterer's shop out of sight. Indeed, the reaping of the pheasant is not an economic gain, but the destruction of costly property. Nomads slaughtered horses by the thousand because they bred and ran upon prairies of waste land. Nomads slaughter grouse by the thousand, thanks to similar conditions, with others added by the exertions of a large sedentary population elsewhere. The pheasant is another case in point, still more complicated by the fact that the wastage of its land is purely artificial. But the partridge belongs to cultivation and to the cultivator. It has its natural numbers uninterfered with by any glaring artificiality, and dies in a manner worthy of its place in a civilised community.

Among the causes that have kept the partridge strongly on foot in our country, the Game Laws have no doubt a considerable place. Harsh as they appear to the landless man, the farmer usually obeys them gladly. The mercy and utility of the close season have fortunately always commended themselves at once to the Englishman. The part of the law that is obsolete so far as it relies on the ordinary man's idea of what is good sense is that which forbids us to kill our own partridges until we have bought a special and expensive license. It did not irk much when it was almost a matter of course that the right to pursue and kill game was reserved by the landlord. It was not so much respect for the Game Laws as respect for a fellow-citizen's property that made the partridge sacred, though the pigeon was lawful prize. But we dare not utter the feelings of the new man who sees his crops devoured by an un-natural horde of birds that he is forbidden to kill, because he has not a license against that particular natural order. That there should be half-guinea guns that will only go off at wood-pigeons and two-guinea guns that can kill partridges is surely one of the strangest causes that ever bore for a short time on the fortunes of a wild bird.

Undoubtedly the possession of a license adds to the joy of him who goes out to shoot. The necessity for it perhaps adds to the magnitude of the possible bag, though on a *priori* estimate of human nature it might well do the reverse. There is a tendency to get the utmost value for that we have paid. If two guineas may be said to buy twenty partridges, have we not in a measure failed if we only bag nineteen? And if a man over the hedge has paid to kill twenty also, had we not better make haste and defeat him by killing twenty-four? Away with such thoughts, as soon as the gun is in the hollow of the arm, and the spaniel looks up in a way that plainly shows that he knows that this is the day of the partridge. There is a ripeness that comes into the sunshine almost exactly at this date. It will no longer burn the skin off or scorch the tissues like a pink bruise. Now it will brown us like the nut, which also started its ripening with pink. There is early in the morning (and we are sure to be early on this morning) a little mist, a little rawness like the coming of a rasp in sweet cider. It bids farewell to the effeminacy of summer, and reminds us of the distinct and more strenuous delights of winter. Berries of May are reddening for the thrush and the oversea fieldfare, the sloe is putting on its blue and throwing off its leaves. Hips justify the tender beauty of the June roses. Here

we are knee-deep in the swedes that splash us with just a suspicion of dew. They have done their summer spreading, and are furnishing their hearts with the good stuff that is in their leaves. Linnets are feeding on a little groundsel among the swedes, a thrush goes out of them low along the ground to the nearest hedge, then with a roar of short wings quickly beaten the partridges rise and learn that September has come.

Short Studies.

THE GRAND JURY.

WHEN Mr. Clarkson, of the Education Office, received a summons to attend the Grand Jury, or to answer the contrary at his peril, he was glad. "For now," he thought, "I shall share in the duties of democracy and be brought face to face with the realities of life."

"Mrs. Wilson," he said to the landlady, as she brought in his breakfast, "what does this summons mean by describing the Court as being in the suburbs of the City of London? Is there a Brixton Branch?"

"O Lordy me!" cried the landlady, "I do hope, sir, as you've not got yourself mixed up with no such things; but the Court's nigh against St. Paul's, as I know from going there just before my poor nephew passed into retirement, as done him no good."

"The summons," Mr. Clarkson went on, "the summons says I'm to inquire, present, do, and execute all and singular things with which I may be then and there enjoined. Why should only the law talk like that?"

"Begging your pardon, sir," replied the landlady, "I sometimes do think it comes of their dressing so old-fashioned. But I'd ask it of you not to read me no more of such like, if you'd be so obliging. For it do make me come over all of a tremble."

"I wonder if her terror arises from the hideousness of the legal style or from association of ideas?" thought Mr. Clarkson as he opened a Milton, of which he always read a few lines every morning to dignify the day.

On the appointed date, he set out eastward with an exhilarating sense of change, and thoroughly enjoyed the drive down Holborn with the crowd of City men. "It's rather strangely like going to the sea-side," he remarked to the man next him on the motor-bus. The man asked him if he had come from New Zealand to see the decorations, and arrived late. "Oh, no," said Mr. Clarkson, "I seldom think the Colonies interesting, and I distrust decoration in every form."

It was unfortunate, but the moment he mounted the Court stairs, the decoration struck him. There were the expected scenes, historic and emblematic, of Roman law, blindfold Justice, the Balance, the Sword, and other encouraging symbols. But in one semicircle he especially noticed a group of men, women, and children, dancing to the tabor's sound in naked freedom. "Please, could you tell me," he asked of a stationary policeman, "whether that scene symbolises the Age of Innocence, before Law was needed, or the Age of Anarchy, when Law will be needed no longer?"

"Couldn't rightly say," answered the policeman, looking up sideways; "but I do wish they'd cover them people over more decent. They're a houzrage on respectable witnesses."

"All art—" Mr. Clarkson was beginning, when the policeman said "Grand Jury?" and pushed him through a door into a large court. A vision of middle-age was there gathering, and a murmur of complaint filled the room—the hurried breakfast, the heat, the interrupted business, the reported large number of prisoners, likely to occupy two days, or even three.

Silence was called, and four or five elderly gentlemen in black-and-scarlet robes—"wise in their wigs, and flamboyant as flamingoes," as a daily paper said of the Judges at the Coronation—some also decorated with gilded chains and deep fur collars, in spite of the heat, entered

from a side door and took their seats upon a raised platform. Each carried in his hand a nosegay of flowers, screwed up tight in a paper frill with lace-work round the edges, like the bouquets that enthusiasts or the management throw to actresses.

"Are those flowers to cheer the prisoners?" Mr. Clarkson whispered, "or are they the rudimentary survivals of the incense that used to counteract the smell and infection of gaol-fever?"

"Covent Garden," was the reply, and the list of jurors was called. The first twenty-three were sent into another room to select their foreman, and, though Mr. Clarkson had not the slightest desire to be chosen, he observed that the other jurors did not even look in his direction. Finally, a foreman was elected, no one knew for what reasons, and all went back to the Court to be "charged." A gentleman in black-and-scarlet made an hour's speech, reviewing the principal cases with as much solemnity as if the Grand Jury's decisions would affect the Last Judgment, and Mr. Clarkson began to realise his responsibility so seriously that when the jurors were dismissed to their duties, he took his seat before a folio of paper, a pink blotting-pad, and two clean quill pens, with a resolve to maintain the cause of justice, whatever might befall.

"Page eight, number twenty-one," shouted the black-robed usher, who guided the jurors as a dog guides sheep, and wore the cheerful air of congenial labor successfully performed. Turning up the reference in the book of cases presented to each juror, Mr. Clarkson found: "Charles Jones, 35, clerk: forging and uttering, knowing the same to be forged, a receipt for money, to wit, a receipt for fees on a plaint note of the Fulham County Court, with intent to defraud."

"This threatens to be a very abstruse case," he remarked to a red-faced juror on his right.

"A half of bitter would elucidate it wonderful to my mind," was the answer.

But already a policeman had been sworn, and given his evidence with the decisiveness of a gramophone.

"Any questions?" said the foreman, looking round the table. No one spoke.

"Signify, gentlemen, signify!" cried the genial usher, and all but Mr. Clarkson held up a hand.

"Two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve," counted the usher, totting up the hands till he reached a majority. "True Bill, True Bill! Next case. Page eleven, number fifty-two."

"Do you mean to tell me that is all?" asked Mr. Clarkson, turning to his neighbor.

"Say no more, and I'll make it a quart," replied the red-faced man, ticking off the last case and turning up the new one, in which a doctor was already giving his evidence against a woman charged with the wilful murder of her newly-born male child.

"Signify, gentlemen, signify!" cried the usher. "Two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve. True Bill, True Bill! next case. Page fourteen, number seventy-two."

"Stop a moment," stammered Mr. Clarkson, half rising; "if you please, stop one moment. I wish to ask if we are justified in rushing through questions of life and death in this manner. What do we know of this woman; for instance—her history, her distress, her state of mind?"

"Sit down!" cried some. "Oh, shut it!" cried others. All looked at him with the amused curiosity of people in a tramcar looking at a talkative child. The usher bustled across the room, and said in a loud and reassuring whisper: "All them things has got nothing to do with you, sir. Those is questions for the Judge and Petty Jury upstairs. The magistrates have sat on all these cases already and committed them for trial; so all you've got to do is to find a True Bill, and you can't go wrong."

"If we can't go wrong, there's no merit in going right," protested Mr. Clarkson.

"Next case. Page fourteen, number seventy-two," shouted the usher again, and as the witness was a Jew, his hat was sent for. "There's a lot of history behind that hat," said Mr. Clarkson, wishing to propitiate public opinion.

"Wish that was all there was behind it," said the juror on his left. The Jew finished his evidence and went away. The foreman glanced round, and the usher had already got as far as "Signify," when a venerable juror, prompted by Mr. Clarkson's example, interposed.

"I should like to ask that witness one further question," he said in a fine Scottish accent, and after considerable shouting, the Jew was recalled.

"I should like to ask you, my man," said the venerable juror, "how you spell your name?" The name was spelt, the juror carefully inscribed it on a blank space opposite the charge, sighed with relief, and looked round. "Signify, gentlemen, signify!" cried the usher. "Two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve. True Bill, True Bill! Next case. Page six, number eleven."

Number eleven was a genuine murder case, and sensation pervaded the room when the murdered man's wife was brought in, weeping. She sobbed out the oath, and the foreman, wishing to be kind, said, encouragingly, "State briefly what you know of this case."

She sobbed out her story, and was led away. The foreman glanced round the tables.

"I think we ought to hear the doctor," said the red-faced man. The doctor was called and described a deep incised wound, severing certain anatomical details.

"I think we ought to hear the constable," said the red-faced man, and there was a murmur of agreement. A policeman came in, carrying a brown-paper parcel. Having described the arrest, he unwrapped a long knife, which was handed round the tables for inspection. When it reached the red-faced juror, he regarded the blade closely up and down, with gloating satisfaction. "Are those stains blood?" he asked the policeman.

"Yes, sir; them there is the poor feller's blood."

The red-faced man looked again, and suddenly turning upon Mr. Clarkson, went through a pantomime of plunging the knife into his throat. At Mr. Clarkson's horrified recoil he laughed himself purple.

"Well said the Preacher you may know a man by his laughter," Mr. Clarkson murmured, while the red-faced man patted him amicably on the back.

"No offence, I hope; no offence!" he said. "Come and have some lunch. I always must, and I always do eat a substantial lunch. Nice, juicy cut from the joint, and a little dry sherry? What do you say?"

"Thank you very much indeed," said Mr. Clarkson, instantly benign. "You are most kind, but I always have coffee and a roll and butter."

"O my God!" exclaimed the red-faced man, and speaking across Mr. Clarkson to another substantial juror, he entered into discussion on the comparative merits of dry sherry and champagne-and-bitters.

Soon after two they both returned in the comfortable state of mind produced by the solution of doubt. But Mr. Clarkson's doubts had not been solved, and his state of mind was far from comfortable. All through the lunch hour he had been tortured by uncertainty. A plain duty confronted him, but how could he face it? He hated a scene. He abhorred publicity as he abhorred the glaring advertisements in the streets. He had never suffered so much since the hour before he had spoken at the Oxford Union on the question whether the sense for beauty can be imparted by instruction. He closed his eyes. He felt the sweat standing on his forehead. And still the cases went on. "Two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve. True Bill. True Bill! Two, four, six, eight . . ."

"Now then, sleepy!" cried the red-faced man in his ear, giving him a genial dig with his elbow. Mr. Clarkson quivered at the touch, but he rose.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I wish to protest against the continuation of this farce."

The jury became suddenly alert, and his voice was drowned in chaos. "Order, order! Chair, chair!" they shouted. "Let's all go down the Strand!" sang one.

"I call that gentleman to order," said the foreman, rising with dignity. "He has previously interrupted and delayed our proceedings, without bringing fresh light to bear upon our investigations. After the luncheon interval, I was pleased to observe that for one cause or another—I repeat, for one cause or another—he was distinctly

—shall I say somnolent, gentlemen? Yes, I will say somnolent. And I wish to inform him that the more somnolent he remains, the better we shall all be pleased."

"Hear, hear! Quite true!" shouted the jury.

"Does it appear to you, sir, fitting to sit here wasting time?" Mr. Clarkson continued, with diminishing timidity. "Does it seem to you a proper task for twenty-three apparently rational human beings—"

"Twenty-two! Twenty-two!" cried the red-faced man, adding up the jurors with the end of a pen, and ostentatiously omitting Mr. Clarkson.

The jurors shook with laughter. They wiped tears from their eyes. They rolled their heads on the pink blotting-paper in their joy. When quiet was restored, the foreman proceeded:—

"I have already ruled that gentleman out of order, and I warn him that if he perseveres in his contumacious disregard of common decency and the chair, I shall proceed to extremities as the law directs. We are here, gentlemen, to fulfil a public duty as honorable British citizens, and here we will remain until that duty is fulfilled, or we will know the reason why."

He glanced defiantly round, assuming an aspect worthy of the last stand at Maiwand. Looking at Mr. Clarkson as turkeys might look at a stray canary, the jurors expressed their applause.

But the genial usher took pity, and whispered across the table to him, "It'll all come right, sir; it'll all come right. You wait a bit. The Grand Jury always rejects one case before it's done; sometimes two."

And sure enough, next morning, while Mr. Clarkson was reading Burke's speeches which he had brought with him, one of the jurors objected to the evidence in the eighty-seventh case. "We cannot be too cautious, gentlemen," he said, "in arriving at a decision in these delicate matters. The apprehension of blackmail hangs over every living man in this country."

"Delicate matters; blackmail; great apprehension of blackmail in these delicate matters," murmured the jury, shaking their heads, and they threw out the Bill with the consciousness of an independent and righteous deed.

Soon after mid-day, the last of the cases was finished, and having signified a True Bill for nearly the hundredth time, the jurors were conducted into the Court where a prisoner was standing in the dock for his real trial. As though they had saved a tottering State, the Judge thanked them graciously for their services, and they were discharged.

"Just a drop of something to show there's no ill-feeling!" said the red-faced man as they passed into the street.

"Thank you very much," replied Mr. Clarkson, warmly. "I assure you I have not the slightest ill-feeling of any kind. But I seldom drink."

"Bless my soul!" said the red-faced man. "Then, what do you do?"

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

Science.

THE TRANSMUTATION OF ELEMENTS.

FOR sixteen years, ever since the discovery of the Röntgen rays, the field of the most brilliant and the most pregnant finds in natural science has been physics. The study of radio-activity, swiftly advancing from triumph to triumph, has seemed to promise us the keys for some half-dozen of the most obstinately locked doors in Nature. It has been full of suggestion for the theory of electrical phenomena; it has profoundly modified our hypotheses as to the physical constitution of matter. Of these results Sir J. J. Thomson gave two years ago a striking sketch down to that date, in his presidential address to the British Association at Winnipeg. This year's President of the Association, Sir William Ramsay, in his address last Wednesday at Portsmouth, dealt with another side of inquiry—the theory of the chemical elements—upon which the study of radio-activity has proved scarcely less fertile in suggestion.

The line of advance shown illustrates curiously the part played by coincidences in the progress of science. The discoveries in connection with which Sir William Ramsay first reached the front rank among the world's chemists, were those of the so-called inert gases—argon, neon, helium, krypton, and xenon. The finding of the first of these slightly antedated the discovery of the Röntgen rays, and had nothing to do with it. The method was quite different; it was simply a careful investigation of residuums—in the first instance of the residuum of atmospheric air after the oxygen and a portion of the nitrogen had been abstracted. This method (whose adoption was facilitated by the discovery of the means of producing liquid air on a large scale) brought to our knowledge first argon, and then, in pretty rapid succession, the rest of the group of gases, of which the common characteristic is that it has not proved possible to combine them chemically with other elements. Of these, helium was remarkable as yielding a well-defined spectrum, which had already been observed in the sun, but could not previously be identified as the spectrum of any terrestrial element. This series of discoveries overlapped the slightly subsequent series, whereby first the Röntgen rays, then the radio-activity of uranium, then radium, and lastly the various emissions of radium, have become known to science; and Sir William Ramsay is now able to exhibit the two series at a point where their results seem to be converging and helping one another. Yet there was no reason why they should have so nearly coincided in time, except perhaps that both are the outcome of a new delicacy in scientific instruments. The public, we think, hardly realise how wonderful in this last respect are the resources of to-day. Radium, about which so many astonishing facts are now positively known, has only been available for study in the tiniest amounts. How tiny can be guessed from Sir William Ramsay's confident prophecy that its production "will never surpass half an ounce a year."

The theory of the chemical elements, which the first century of chemistry built up, arrived pretty early at two hypotheses regarding their atomic weights. One was that the atomic weights of the different elements were multiples of some common factor or factors. This leaped to the eye as soon as careful atomic weights for all the elements began to be tabulated. The second was the hypothesis of periodicity—that is, that whereas the elements seem, in virtue of their other properties, to fall into families (such a family as that of the inert gases to which we have alluded), you find, if you arrange the whole set of elements on a scale according to their atomic weights, that the successive members of each family do not occur at random along the scale, but at seemingly regular intervals or "periods." This hypothesis, which has been studied for half a century, has had some remarkable confirmations. Mendeleeff, for instance, in mapping out the families of elements and their periods along the scale, predicted the existence of certain elements, then unknown, which were needed to regularise his scheme, and in at least three instances these have been since discovered.

Neither hypothesis is complete. If the first were, it would be possible to express all atomic weights by integral numbers without decimals. This cannot be done, though we get very near it in such a large proportion of cases that, according to Professor Karl Pearson, the probability against this condition being fortuitous is 20,000 millions to one. Similarly there are still gaps in the periodic table. Yet on the whole the hypotheses stand, and they plainly point to a homogeneous basis for the elements, from which they are built up, and into which they may be resolved; so that in the last resort the alchemist's dream of transmuting substances may turn out to be a natural process. It is at this point that radio-activity—which involves the decomposition of an elementary substance—becomes significant. When radium disintegrates, it appears to change into three other bodies—helium (the lightest of the inert gases), niton (a new inert gas, only thus known, though a periodic place existed for it at the heaviest end of the scale), and electrons. Niton in turn decomposes—again by discharging helium and electrons

—and leaves again a third substance; and so we proceed from substance to substance, at each stage detaching helium and electrons, till at last we reach polonium, and thence by the same process, an unknown metal, which is conjectured to be lead. The process seems to be traceable above radium as well as below it; it appears that an atom of uranium, by discharging three atoms of helium and some electrons, gives rise to an atom of radium. All these results, if correct, should be verifiable in two quite distinct ways—first the observation of what appears to happen in the laboratory, and, secondly, the adding and subtracting of the known atomic weights that are involved, to see whether they tally.

Sir William Ramsay does not pretend that this correspondence has been fully and finally established; but he evidently feels that the degree of it so far indicated establishes a strong presumption. An obscure factor in the subtraction sums is the weight of the electrons which, as well as the helium, are discharged at each stage. They have weight, though it is extremely small. Sir William Ramsay suggests that the slight error which it occasions may account for our not being able to exhibit the atomic weights as exact multiples of a factor—i.e., as integral numbers without decimals—although they approach so nearly thereto. He has experimented still further in transmutation. He believes that he has converted the metal copper partially into the metal lithium, and has degraded thorium, zirconium, titanium, and silicon into carbon. These, if confirmed, will be sensational achievements; and though he does not yet treat them as certainties, he propounds them with notable confidence. Their upshot seems to be that the modern chemist himself is not far from being transmuted back to the medieval alchemist.

Letters from Abroad.

BREAKERS AHEAD!

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It does not look as if the political sky will so soon be cleared of the menacing clouds which the Morocco business has collected on its horizon. There are all sorts of agencies at work to sow fresh mistrust, if not hatred, between the nations concerned. And as the question is not one between France and Germany alone, but indirectly also one between Germany and Great Britain, the friendly relations between the latter two countries are no less at stake. Not a few people believe even that they are considerably more endangered.

There is no need to explain to the readers of THE NATION why Anglo-German relations ought not to be affected. The case for a satisfactory and lasting understanding between the two countries has been set forth often enough and convincingly enough in your editorial articles. But, unfortunately, the voices of peace and goodwill do not make themselves heard as easily as those that make for irritation and strife. And it seems to be high time to think seriously of this inequality, and consider the means of removing it effectively.

It is not a question of the ordinary Jingo papers. They are pretty well known in all countries, and even moderately-informed newspaper readers know by now how they feed upon each other. What would papers of the "Taegliche Rundschau" stamp be without their "Daily Express," and *vice versa*? They are, unfortunately, not quite innocuous yet, but their power for harm would be comparatively small if they remained restricted to their own resources and audiences. They have, however, most dangerous auxiliaries in the sensationalism of the daily newspapers, and in the indiscretion of some professional and most would-be diplomats.

The voice of reason is seldom sensational, but the voice of folly almost always is. Everybody knows it, and yet the mere foolish utterance is the surer it is to be wired to the most distant places of the globe if only the speaker is or is supposed to be a person of some note. When this letter reaches you, it will perhaps have

been made known officially whether the British Ambassador in Vienna, Sir Fairfax Leighton Cartwright, really said to the representative of the Vienna "Neue Freie Presse" the things which that paper published in its issue of Friday, the 25th August, as the utterances of an *English diplomatist in an important position*. Semi-official German papers like the "Koelnische Zeitung" point at him with faint reservations as the author of the remarks, and declare them to be highly offensive, while Radical opposition papers like the "Berliner Tageblatt" repeat the charge as almost proven, and call for strong recriminations, and the Nationalist and Jingo Press shout "*violation of Germany's national honor*," and insist on the recall of Sir Fairfax, and the breaking-off of diplomatic relations with Great Britain if this demand should not at once be conceded. The mischief-makers are gleefully at work again.

True, from other sources it is to-day announced that the so-called interview of the "Neue Freie Presse" was in reality a private conversation of Sir Fairfax with an Austrian journalist, and was published by the latter without the authorisation of the Ambassador. But, however probable this explanation sounds, it has, apart from other considerations, the weakness of all corrections of its kind. It cannot wipe out to the full the effect of the first version.

I leave aside the question of the intrinsic justification of the criticisms contained in the "Interview." It does not fit a German Social Democrat to enlarge in an English journal on the justice or injustice of an English attack on German diplomatists. Criticism, like charity, is best done at home. German social democracy has not spared the managers of Germany's foreign policy a good share of sharp criticism. Meetings of protest against any sort of warlike behavior in the Morocco debate have been held and are being held by Social Democrats all over Germany with large and enthusiastic audiences. Of course, their attacks on the attitude of the German Government must not be confounded with approval of the action of the English or the French Government. "A plague on *all* your houses" is in this respect the feeling of the Socialist masses. Indeed, if the game should go on as it has begun, would not the working-classes have to take the part of *Mercutio*? But here, as everywhere, Socialists hold it their particular duty to settle with their own domestic disturbers of the peace.

The firm determination of the overwhelming majority of the German Social Democrats to do all in their power to prevent a war with France or Great Britain cannot for a moment be doubted, and in this connection words have been uttered in some of the meetings such as had never before been heard on German Social Democratic platforms. This has particularly been the case at the general delegate meeting of the Social Democrats of Greater Berlin, held on August 21st, when the speaker on the Morocco question said, amidst great cheering, that in case a war was declared, mere abstract protest on the part of Social Democrats would nowadays be nothing but cowardice. The workers were called upon to interfere by action, and ought to keep their minds prepared for the requirements of the hour.

Now, it would certainly be a mistake to take such declarations as final. The Social Democrats of Greater Berlin number considerably over 100,000 financial members, and have very often given proof of their fearlessness when resistance to the powers that are was required. But it can never be predicted with a certainty how people will act in a coming emergency. Too much depends upon the particular circumstances of the case and the general political atmosphere created by them. It would be idle to deny that there is some uneasy feeling about official Great Britain, even amongst a section of German Social Democrats. The declaration read on July 21st by Mr. Lloyd George at the Mansion House, is conceived as an overbearing expression of jealousy in regard to Germany, and a threat to go to war at any moment that looks propitious. It is a small section only that argues thus, but it is hardly necessary to point out how apt such a feeling is

to spread if incidents of this character follow each other. They will not deter the overwhelming majority of the Social Democrats of Germany from their policy of international peace, but they are undoubtedly apt to weaken the force if not even the desire of resistance.

An enormous amount of work is devoted to the purpose of poisoning the political atmosphere. All prejudices and superstitions are conjured up in order to inspire the people with the idea that a violent conflict between the Great Powers of Europe is inevitable, that sooner or later it will come, whatever may be said or done to prevent the conflagration. Political parties that are on the brink of losing their last hold on the electorate, papers that are bankrupt, and politicians who are spent forces—all take refuge in playing the game of the grieved patriots, and combine to shout into the ears of the people that the honor and the credit of the nation are jeopardised unless something extraordinarily forcible is done. They whine, they lament, they sob over the non-existence of a Bismarck, they curse what they call the fatal pacifism of William II., and they cry out, "What are all the ships for, what are all the guns and soldiers for, if we Germans are going to stand every offence and humiliation, and are always to be overreached in the game?" They are a minority, a contemptible minority of the nation. But their concerted action and the consistent noisy repetition of their catch words still exert a certain influence on a good many unsuspecting people.

It is therefore well worth considering whether much more could not be done to counteract these pernicious proceedings than has been achieved so far. Much greater efforts must be exerted to collect the voices of those papers and politicians who work for peace and goodwill, and make them known from country to country. The Press agencies are very lavish in reporting aggressive articles, but much too niggardly with extracts of conciliatory articles. They ought to be informed that there is a greater demand for the latter than for the former, and no effort ought to be spared in the work of showing up the intrigues of the professional breakers of the peace. There is, for example, hardly a doubt that in Germany a great amount of the vociferation about "perfidious Albion" is the work of the high Protectionists in the iron trades. Their political influence in home politics is on the wane. The *Schwereisernen* (heavy ironmasters), as they are called, have not only lost all hold on their workers, but have less command over their civil engineers, managers, shop-masters, and clerks than in former years. These people are now organised in unions, some of them of very advanced tendencies and more inclined to go with the trade unions of the workers than with the syndicates of the big employers. This the latter have experienced to their great dismay. Their henchmen in the Press denounce social legislation and political reform as ruinous for Germany's trade, and the greatest danger to the safety of the Empire. For this purpose they maintain *inter alia* the Berlin "Post," a paper with almost no subscribers, but very freely sent round. It calls itself an organ of the "Free Conservatives," but has lately been publicly disavowed by one of the most distinguished leaders of that party, Prince Hatzfeld, because of its abusive attacks on William II. for his alleged timidity towards foreign nations. For the organ of the Rhenish iron magnates combines vehement denunciations of social reform measures with wild incitements to an aggressive foreign policy. It is to-day amongst the most violent sowers of ill-feeling against England.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Berlin, August 27th, 1911.

Letters to the Editor.

"THE SOLDIER IN CIVIL STRIFE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have been a regular reader of your paper ever since it was first called THE NATION. I have read it always with interest, frequently with pleasure, sometimes with

exasperation. But your articles on the strikes this week are full of such extraordinary statements that I have been roused into doing a thing which I have always vowed I never would do, viz., write a letter to an editor of a newspaper.

You declare that military have been used to an extent never known before in this country during an industrial dispute. But never before has there been an industrial dispute on the scale of this recent one. You complain that troops were sent to places where there was absolutely no necessity for them. It is so very easy to be wise after the event and indulge in remarks about the Russification of England, but how do you know that the very presence of large numbers of troops in places where, as a matter of fact, they were not used, was not in itself sufficient to prevent disorder? Do you suppose that if there had been three or four thousand soldiers at Llanelly we would have read of the ghastly proceedings which occurred there? You seem to think that all that was necessary for the Government to do was to approach the Strike Committees and get assurances from them that food supplies should be allowed to go through. Supposing they had done so, do you seriously think that a word from a Strike Committee would have been sufficient to secure a safe transit of food supplies? Everyone is agreed that the worst outrages of recent weeks were not committed by strikers. How then, supposing there had been a prolonged railway strike, could the transit of food have been accomplished without the presence of large forces of troops to overawe the large numbers of irresponsible people who are always glad of an opportunity to create disorder? And why only food; what about raw material for manufacture? I suppose you would sooner have had all the cotton mills in Lancashire stopped before consenting to the introduction of soldiers to protect the transit of raw cotton! It may be perfectly true that there was no great disorder in Manchester, but it is an absolute commonplace in those parts that it was impossible to send any goods from manufacturing towns to Manchester by lorries, as the "peaceful" pickets would not let them through. Consequently, numbers of carters were thrown out of work who had no desire to cease working. I could say much more, but will content myself with asking you one question. If those in authority at Liverpool had acted on the principles laid down in your leading article, do you honestly suppose that that city would have benefited and have been better off than it was?—Yours, &c.,
Bolton, August 29th, 1911. X. Y. Z

[If we laid down any principle it was simply that the old rule should be maintained of sending troops only when the local authorities asked for them. This was precisely what happened in Liverpool.—ED., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—With many of the general principles you lay down as to the employment of the soldier during industrial struggles all Liberals agree. But from your needlessly-violent attack on Mr. Churchill, his action, and his motives, the vast majority of thoughtful Liberals will emphatically dissent.

The issue, as you say, "vitally affects the duty of the Government and the rights of the public." That "the circumstances were unprecedented and excessively grave," you admit to be true.

The "duty of the Government" is to adequately vindicate the whole of the rights of the whole of the public. Among those rights are, of course, the rights of workmen, organised or unorganised, to conduct industrial disputes by the weapon of a strike so long as that weapon is used lawfully. But among those rights also are the right of the whole community to live, the right of free movement, the right to work, to carry out their own several industries and avocations, each man and every man as a free citizen.

No sane man can doubt that the threat of a universal strike is a threat to suspend the whole life of the whole community in order that a relatively small group of grievances of labor against capital may be righted, not by legitimate pressure on the capitalists concerned, but by an illegitimate declaration of war against society as a whole.

The universal strike issue puts the whole question of strikes on a new plane. The grievances may be supremely urgent, the demand for prompt remedies may be supremely just. But it is obvious that statesmanship must devise some

new and adequate machinery which will do justice without smashing civilisation and wrecking the social and economic life of the people as a whole.

Meanwhile, the first and plainest justification of the Government policy, in my opinion, most rightly carried out, has been that the new situation developed here, as it was recently in France, created a new group of dangers which must be met.

You seem to argue that because the London carmen allowed ice to reach hospitals and coal to keep the waterworks going, and because the railwaymen would, as all their old friends knew, be too good-hearted to hold up food—probable enough—that all will be for the best in the best of all civilised worlds!

That is idle. You do not, you could not for a moment justify the handing over of complete control and discretion over the necessities of life of the whole community to any group of Trade Unions, however we may sympathise with some of their objects. That would be setting up a rival government—a condition of anarchy absolutely intolerable in a civilised nation. No Ministry can allow a universal strike. That is my first reason for approving Mr. Churchill's action.

My second is equally imperative. The strikes of last year and of the past few months have been without doubt marked here and there by what seem obviously illegal and inexcusable extensions of "peaceful persuasion" to proceedings of intimidation and outrageous violence, and by acts of sabotage of the most wicked and cruel type. The action of the crowds at Liverpool in inflicting deadly injury on the police when doing their duty in trying to maintain order, and the reckless rioting and looting in South Wales last year, and recently—all these are plain and visible facts which cannot and ought not to be ignored by any responsible government.

These ugly incidents may have been due not to actual strikers, but to the strike disturbance letting loose idle and desperate ruffians to work their evil will, how and where they can.

But no sane man who recalls the ugly incidents of the riots in London, when the mob rushed unchecked through the West-end in 1836, owing to the error of the police authorities, will tolerate any apology for some of the scenes of last year and this. They must be made impossible by the State, and the ultimate appeal must be, if necessary, to the fighting force of the nation.

I have fought for the rights of labor for nearly a generation in the House of Commons, and have been always convinced—and am as strongly convinced now—that the claims of the railwaymen in especial are just, and should be given effect to.

But for us to shut our eyes to the plain facts and plain necessities of the "unprecedented and excessively grave" situation in which the whole nation and the responsible Ministers have been placed, and still more for us to encourage the workers themselves to shut their eyes to the truth, is as foolish as it is unjust to labor itself.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS A. CHANNING.

August 29th, 1911.

[There was no threat of a universal strike. There was, on the showing of the Home Office itself, no danger of a general railway strike, seeing that less than half of the men were affected. We never suggested that the food-supply should be left to the discretion of Trade Unions, but merely that they should not be accused, without sufficient evidence, of a determination to intercept it.—ED., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your leading article of Saturday last you state—upon whose authority I know not—that "local feeling" in Manchester "was much against them" (the military) "coming." It is very evident that your informant had not consulted the business community of Manchester, nor could he have taken the opinion of, say, such representative bodies of men as the Reform and Constitutional Clubs, else he would never have fallen into so absurd an error.

When, at the beginning of July, Manchester was in the throes of the transport strike and the police were powerless to guarantee the movement of goods about the streets of the city, Manchester traders were loud in their expressions of

indignation at the foolish pride of their Lord Mayor, who refused to call in the military to aid the police, and it was felt by ninety-nine out of every hundred merchants that the prompt action of the Mayor of Salford in bringing the troops to within 400 yards of Manchester's Town Hall and Exchange had alone saved the situation.

Again, a fortnight ago, the Lord Mayor pursued the same course. Business was practically at a standstill, famine became an immediate danger, and on every hand one heard the same cry, "Why don't the troops come to Manchester and give us at least a feeling of greater security?"

Nowhere did one hear the hope expressed that they might not come. One only read it in the leading articles of the "Manchester Guardian," which has throughout the trouble failed to represent the feelings of the Manchester people.

At length, however, when the Government found it necessary to have some general scheme of protection for the railway termini, a few troops were drafted into the Manchester stations, but not into the streets.

How such action could, by any possibility, be resented by the law-abiding citizen passes the wit of man, and the objection to it of a few survivors of the old Manchester School is well described by your moderate contemporary the "Spectator" as the "Cant of talking of a town being contaminated by the presence of a body of men who conduct themselves nowadays with restraint, sobriety, and good manners."

Of the wisdom of the Government's action no reasonable man can be in doubt. Nine attempts in forty-eight hours to wreck trains, six attempts on railway stations, and many more on signal boxes had already been made, and, as Mr. Churchill well puts it, "the Llanelly rioters left to themselves without the intrusion of the police or the aid of the military, for some hours during the evening, wrought more havoc to life and limb than all the 50,000 soldiers employed on strike duty throughout the country during the past month."

The balance-sheet of many a Manchester business house next Christmas will tell a sorry tale of losses caused by the inability of the citizens to use the King's highways for their legitimate purposes.—Yours, &c.,

"COTTONOPOLIS."

Manchester, August 28th, 1911.

[With all respect, we continue to attach more importance to the deliberate judgment of the Chief Magistrate of Manchester than to the talk of the clubs.—ED., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your articles and the correspondence in THE NATION raise many questions of exceeding interest in regard to the employment of police and troops in what is called "the maintenance of order." Some of the extreme individualists—of whom, I think, the late Mr. Auberon Herbert was one—unless I have misunderstood them, think that there should be no Government troops and no Government police—that people who wish to be protected should protect themselves. Whilst I do not profess to have thought the matter out, I am quite willing to admit that there are many arguments in favor of letting people alone. But the number of individualists who think that there should be no forcible government is so minute, that, for purposes of practical politics, it may be disregarded. The nation has police and has troops. The only practical question, therefore, is how and for what purposes are they to be used?

There are in this country and, so far as I know, in every other country, a great number of laws, magistrates, and judges, and every person must obey the law and submit to the magistrates and judges, or risk severe penalties; and it is generally supposed that the police and troops are the means by which the judges and magistrates enforce these laws; but the Executive Government has power to move the police and troops into the places where their presence is required—or may be required—to enforce the laws.

In this country—and probably in every other country—nobody knows exactly what is the law. Any person who is tried by a judge knows, when sentence is given, what is the law *pro tem*. To take a case in point. During a recent strike, the owner of a waggon was driving it from a railway station. A man from out the crowd seized the head of one of the horses, and tried to turn the waggon round. The

owner and driver fired a pistol-shot at him and wounded him. The shooter was taken before a magistrate and committed for trial, the magistrate saying that the defendant must not take the law into his own hands. Now, outside that railway station there were a great crowd of men who had, so to speak, taken the law into their own hands, and there was no effectual force representing the law to keep them in order. At a subsequent period, however, soldiers arrived on the scene; and from that time, until the end of the strike, there was a means of enforcing the law—at any rate, within a few yards of the points of the bayonets of those soldiers. I understand that many good people think that this employment of the soldiers was an interference by the Executive on the side of the employer in a dispute between employer and employed; but I think it must be admitted that that accusation is only true in case the employer was strictly observing what was supposed to be the letter of the law, and the employed was breaking the law. If it had been the other way—if the employer had hired and employed a thousand well-armed riflemen, with whom to defend his property and his men, and the strikers and their friends had kept strictly within the letter of the law, then the troops would have been employed on the side of the workmen and to restrain the employer.

I think it will be admitted that the employer is more easily amenable to law than the workman. If he does anything illegal, there will be no difficulty in obtaining evidence, and in effecting his arrest. If he drills or arms men for his defence, he is liable for all the actions of his agents; and, therefore, in all he does he is in fear of the law. But in a street crowded with men, stones may be thrown, pistol-shots fired, many kinds of violence may be practised, and many kinds of illegal intimidation, and those who are guilty of those practices may run but a trifling risk of prosecution or conviction for an offence against the law.

There is little doubt that many employers, and many of their workmen, would be very glad to dispense altogether with the services of the police and military and with the aid of the law for their own defence, if they were permitted by the law to undertake their own defence without impediment. Those who are on the side of the workmen should carefully consider whether the entire withdrawal of law, police, and soldiers from the field would be to the advantage of workmen on strike. For my part, I do not think it would. I think that the interference of the law, supported by the police and military, is generally sufficient to give the strikers a fairly free hand in stopping the employers' business, whilst it entirely prevents the employers from using their capital and power of organisation in self-defence. If there were no law, or agent of the law, whenever there was anything in the nature or threat of a riot, the leading citizens of a town or district would call a meeting and form a committee of public safety. This committee would formulate its own laws for a time, and employ its own agents to enforce those laws. Those who object to Government interference by law, police, and military, must consider how far they would prefer the action of these committees of public safety to the present system. For my part, I express no opinion; but I am inclined to think that either the law should stand entirely on one side, or should do its best to enforce its edicts; and for that reason I fail to see how any person in an impartial attitude of mind can find fault with any of the arrangements for which Mr. Winston Churchill is responsible.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD LUPTON.

7, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

August 28th, 1911.

[Does anyone object to "Government interference by law, police, and military?" Our criticism turned only on the method of employing the military.—ED., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Many of your readers will appreciate your article on "The Soldier in Civil Strife." But behind all that it says and all that it suggests there is a further question which I should like to ask. It is this. Why should workmen on strike resent the presence of the soldiers? Why should they not rather welcome them, even as law-abiding citizens welcome the presence of the police on ordinary occasions? The rights of strikers are: (1) To cease from work themselves; (2) To employ peaceful picketing to persuade other men

not to take their places. When have soldiers (or police either for that matter) shown the slightest disposition to curtail these rights? It is an atrocious slander to represent Mr. Asquith as having threatened to employ soldiers to shoot strikers. Strikers, as such, are in no more danger of being shot than men at work. It is the street ruffian who, after giving infinite provocation and committing a series of cowardly crimes, is horribly in danger of being shot. We are told, apparently with truth, that these criminal acts are not committed by workmen on strike, but by the hooligans who are the disgrace of our cities. Then, why, in the name of their own self-respect, do not the real strikers welcome the police, and the soldiers in their support, who come not to interfere in the legitimate contest of the strike, but to restrain wicked acts of violence? Cannot the strikers see that in resenting the presence of soldiers they are laying themselves open to a most odious charge, viz., of wishing to use these criminal acts as a weapon in their struggle with their employers? In some cases we have heard of strikers offering to be sworn in as special constables. That is the right spirit; and if the practice extensively prevailed, no soldiers might be needed; but if they were, the first to welcome them would be these "specials," after receiving from a mob similar treatment to that accorded to our regular constables.—Yours, &c.,

H. SHAEN SOLLY.

Parkstone, August 28th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I venture to think that not one-tenth of your readers will agree with the contents of your leader in last week's issue.

Your attack on Mr. Churchill is, to say the least, unjustifiable, inasmuch as it is impossible to conceive such action as the general use of the military not having the sanction and approval of the whole Cabinet. Indeed, although the action was taken on the orders of the Home Office, that Office was surely acting as the mouthpiece of the whole Government.

It is astounding to read the last paragraph in your article. Was the food-supply of the people of Liverpool and Manchester, as well as other great centres of population, not held up? The strike was meant to paralyse our whole railway system, and nearly succeeded—and it would have succeeded but for the action of the Government on the Friday. Had that action been delayed till the Monday following, it would have been too late.

Surely the death statistics for that week of the City of Liverpool should have convinced anyone that the excessive mortality amongst infants was due to the impossibility of obtaining proper food, milk, &c., for them.

In London several of the principal railway stations were closed, and it is not too much to say that by the following Monday others would have had to follow suit. What about our milk supply in that case?

You talk of a peaceful week at Manchester. I can find no evidence of it in the newspapers. And what about Liverpool? In that city, before the soldiers were called in, the police could not maintain order, and were brutally used by the mob, being pelted with broken bottles, &c., till several were seriously injured. Do you approve of the "peaceful" methods of the London transport strikers? Is it your idea of "peaceful" picketing when carmen are hauled from their boxes in Leadenhall Street and their vans overturned—the police looking on helpless? Is it "peaceful" when the entrance to a large wharf was so besieged that the workers inside, who wished to have nothing to do with the strike, had to form themselves into a squad (sixty in all), and march out in fours abreast as the only method of getting to their homes? Is it peaceful work when the men of different works on the Thames were obliged to leave their work because the police force available was totally insufficient to protect them? I have every sympathy with the underpaid railway and other workers. It seems to me shameful that over 100,000 of our railwaymen are working long hours for a wage of 20s. a week or under. If such a state of things continues under our present conditions, then the nationalisation of our railroads must be forced to the front, and then let the Government be responsible for the reasonable payment of the men employed.

But I maintain the Government are right in refusing to

allow such a calamity as the holding-up of our railroads by a general strike. Such a course, in view of the fact that a week's strike would mean starvation to the whole of the population, is unthinkable. Finally, I can only deplore that the men of the casual class should be in the hands of the Ben Tilletts and Tom Manns of the present day. Such men are a danger to the State. Labor leaders of the past were a very different class. Burt, Fenwick, Pickard, Abrahams, Bell, Ramsay MacDonald, would never have stooped to foul their mouths with the abominable things that have been uttered on Tower Hill, &c., during the last two or three weeks. I hope "peaceful" picketing, such as we have seen lately, will be put down with a firm hand, even if the assistance of the military has to be called in to help the police, and I sign myself,—Yours, &c.,

A RADICAL.

Sutton, August 29th, 1911.

[The "action of the Government on Friday," which, according to our correspondent, saved us from the horrors which he depicts, consisted in putting pressure on the directors to meet the men. For this action we have and have had nothing but praise.—Ed., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In view of the admittedly difficult situation with which the Government were called upon to deal during the recent strike, one is not disposed to judge them harshly, but it is well that some protest should be heard in the responsible Press against the manner in which the troops were used, and thoughtful Liberals will thank you for your criticisms under that head. The general disposition to override the civil authorities, even in peaceful areas, may easily become a danger to our liberties, to which an earlier generation of Liberals (with memories of Peterloo fresh in their minds) were keenly alive.

Nor can the Government hope to escape suspicion of bias, in view of the fact that troops were posted wherever the railway companies asked for them, coupled with the promise of legislation permitting the companies to recoup themselves at the expense of the general public. The latter proposal should meet with strenuous opposition from every member of Parliament who has the public interest at heart. A word in conclusion. The readiness which the Government have shown to make use of the soldier in civil strife should prove a useful object-lesson on the dangers of keeping up an enormous standing army in times of peace, appealing forcibly to those who are usually unaffected by the economic argument. Is it too much to hope that when the time comes for passing the Estimates some old-fashioned Liberal M.P. will move a reduction by way of protest?—Yours, &c.,

HENRY T. HERNE.

West Looe, Cornwall.

August 29th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—After the political crisis comes the economic crisis. As regards the former, it is significant that several members of the Government have not hesitated to declare that a vast majority of the people are determined to have a Second Chamber. Not being a public man, I cannot presume to speak with such assurance as to what is in the popular mind. But I should like to point out that these same members of the Government appear to have been appallingly ignorant of what large masses of workers have been thinking of, the amount of wages they draw, and the conditions of life they live under. What is the cause of the assurance in the one case and of the ignorance in the other case?

These two crises are not so entirely independent of one another as some seem to imagine. I have myself heard Mr. Ramsay MacDonald deprecate the method of the strike as opposed to Parliamentary action. Yet we have just seen him, perhaps against his will, involved in an upheaval which exhibited the beginnings of social dissolution. To what cause are we to attribute this tremendous upheaval, of whose character the governing classes, both Liberal and Conservative, were unaware on the eve of its appearance? I say that distrust of and contempt for our political institutions are largely responsible for the earthquake.

Go slow! Go slow! is always being dinned into our

ears, as though there were some mysterious virtue in always going slow on every occasion, and to meet every kind of emergency. Mr. Lloyd George has likened the railway strike to a huge conflagration. That being so, it seems sensible to send fire-engines, and not steam-rollers, to put it out.

The fact is that all this talk about Second Chambers in the interests of private property, and cautious legislation which shall not inflict severe damage upon vested interests, is indulged in by persons who have not grasped the realities of the situation. Among their number I am happy to know that the Editor of *THE NATION* has never been counted. The tone and temper of your paper this week is something to be grateful for at a time when there are few bright spots on the social and political horizon.—Yours, &c.,

E. S. EVANS.

Norbury House, London-road, Norbury, S.W.

August 24th, 1911.

THE FUTURE OF INSURANCE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your article this week on the future of the Insurance Bill you have, I believe, expressed the views of a considerable number of Liberal members of Parliament. For some time past they have been asking whether the Government are really taking the wisest course by insisting on the passage of this Bill this year. The whole-hearted enthusiasts for the Bill are in a very small minority. The rest are either lukewarm or silently hostile to many of its provisions. It is true that no protest has been organised. This is partly because the Bill, which was received with acclamation on second reading, was discussed in its early stages at a time when the great Parliamentary crisis was in its most critical phase, and partly because it is generally understood that the Chancellor of the Exchequer attaches great importance to the passage of the Bill, and it is even stated that he would consider it a blow to the prestige of the Government were it dropped.

Those members who have met their constituents or who have had occasion to speak in recent by-elections are aware of the very critical, not to say, suspicious, tone adopted towards the measure by the electors in general, who are filled with misgivings as to its practical effects.

I will not enumerate the various points of serious objection which have been raised from time to time. Suffice it to say that it is strongly felt that the country has not asked for this huge comprehensive measure, which seems to take the line of most resistance, and the people will not appreciate the gift when it is forced upon them. The unemployment section of the Bill might be gone on with, and a Bill embodying the provisions for maternity and sanatoria benefits would be welcomed. But few would grieve at the loss of the rest.

You rightly say that a Bill of this character should have at its back a degree of popularity which is not essential to the success of other measures. The impetus given by enthusiasm is, indeed, noticeably lacking, both inside and outside the House of Commons. A closer acquaintance with the Bill has made many members realise that the task is too heavy a one at this juncture. And, though admiration for the Chancellor's courage and marvellous powers of persuasion is general, it would come as a great relief to hear that he had decided on postponement.

It might be very useful in the interval of the recess if other Liberal members were to give their views.—Yours, &c.,

August 28th, 1911.

M.P.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—There is, then, a faint hope, if I understand rightly your article of last week, that the rulers of the party may yet be induced to listen to the voice of reason and common sense with regard to this Bill. After all, it is to their interest to do so. If "popular acceptance" is, as you say, a condition of success, the Bill in its present shape cannot succeed. It is not what the nation wants. No one has asked for it. The inspiration for it, such as it is, comes from the public departments and from Germany; perhaps also from a tiny group of "social reformers," but certainly not from any sort of popular demand. That is apparently the last thing which a democratic Government has thought it worth while to consider.

Not only has the Bill, as a whole, failed to win the approval of the advanced section of the party—Mr. George has, apparently, not wanted that—but it has at the present moment no *real* backing at all. There is, of course, the paid support of 42, Parliament Street, and there is, equally of course, the support of the regular party men—the men who sit waiting or hoping for a Government job, and who differ only from the paid officials by the more indiscriminating nature of the support they give. But, apart from these two important classes of politicians, what kind of backing has the Bill got?

The Tories, for whose approval the Chancellor has striven with pathetic zeal, are prepared at any moment to turn and stab it. Some of the most active of them are doing so already. The Labor Party are divided and uncertain; their official leaders bless it faintly; while their Socialist wing denounces it. The Radicals, with one or two exceptions, are silent or mutinous. In the country all the efforts of the official machine have been unable to work up even a show of enthusiasm. Where the Bill is liked, it is not understood. Where it is understood, it is invariably disliked.

The reason is quite simple. The Bill is essentially an imported affair. It presents the State in its most irritating and unpopular aspect; for while the State, under the Bill, is to give comparatively little, it is asking and exacting a great deal. It will tax men and women who are already underpaid, and it will tax them through the men who underpay them. That such a measure should find favor with that type of politician who gets his ideas from public departments is not at all surprising. It is the very ideal of bureaucratic government. But what is the Chancellor of the Exchequer doing in this company?

That the Bill should have got so far with comparatively slight opposition is also not surprising. The magic of the Chancellor's personality counts for a good deal. The force of the machine has done the rest. That has been skilfully and continually applied. All the talk about leaving the Bill to the House has been mere bunkum. The Bill was sprung on the party without warning or consultation. The debate on the Second Reading was a pre-arranged thing, as almost all such debates are; while the whole Committee stage has been vitiated by a money resolution, forced through the House immediately after the Second Reading, limiting strictly the contribution of the State. The House of Commons has never really discussed—with any knowledge or information—the principles of the Bill. All that it has done is to talk over and ratify—with here and there a slight change—the bargains that have been arranged under Mr. Lloyd George's guidance, between the various parties concerned. The doctors and the official societies have had eloquent spokesmen to represent them. The people, on whom it all depends—the people who will have to pay—have been hardly considered.

We shall be told that it is too late to discuss these questions. The Party is committed to the Bill. How can they turn back now? That is the familiar official dodge. First, make it impossible for any independent opinion to be heard, and then denounce it as disloyal.

But there is, even now, a simple way out. Let the Government proceed with those parts of the scheme which are not open to the objections I have urged. With regard to those important sections of the Bill—the maternity benefit, the provision for consumption, and the insurance against unemployment, there is comparatively little difficulty. Each of these proposals has genuine support behind it. Each deals with a problem of admitted urgency. They are all framed on lines that are familiar in this country, and fairly intelligible. To pass these this year would be a useful and substantial piece of work. As to the rest of the scheme—with its complications and compromises—if it is good, it will not hurt for keeping. It is certainly more likely to win popular acceptance after it has been subjected to full discussion. It will never get any "popular acceptance" that is worth having without it. And if it appears—as I believe it will appear—that a scheme of this kind cannot work well without a far larger State contribution than is now contemplated, the Government will then have time to consider how far they can provide the money that is required. That is the course, both of reason and common sense.—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL M.P.

August 29th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In an article in last week's NATION, entitled "The Future of Insurance," the statement is made that the Minority Report proposal for dealing with sickness, "though nominally urged as a step in the break-up of the Poor Law, would in substance be Poor Law administration of medical cases under a new name." This is probably the most astounding charge ever brought against the Minority Report. What is the Poor Law medical service? It is a very inadequate treatment provided by an "ad hoc" destitution authority (not a health authority) under conditions often grossly deterrent and disgusting to the poor, frequently at a stage when it is too late for the patient to benefit by it (because he only receives it after destitution has set in, which means often in the last stages of an illness, such as consumption), and always subject to the penalty of his becoming a pauper. The Minority Report proposes, in place of this, a specialised Public Health authority, whose function it is to detect and cure sickness at the earliest moment, instead of offering a grudging treatment after destitution has set in, without any pauperisation of the patient. To call that Poor Law administration under a new name is, I submit, a violent distortion of language and thought. The fundamental folly of the Poor Law, from the point of view of public health, is its deterrent character; the fundamental soundness of the public health service is its preventive character. From the point of view of the patient—well, ask a workman who is being treated in a fever hospital by his local authority to-day whether he feels that he is "in substance" a Poor Law case, and see what he says!

But your criticism is supported by some extraordinary special pleading. The administration of the public health authority, it appears, means "fatherly despotism," and the "arbitrary authority of public officials over the sick and their families," which "would not tend to make the poor independent in sickness as in health." Here, sir, is Manchesterism come back to life with a vengeance—and in THE NATION! Why should public health authorities be more despotic or arbitrary than education authorities? Or why should the Public Health Committee of the Brighton Town Council be praised, as it now is, for providing a municipal sanatorium for its citizens and be damned as an interfering tyrant if its M.O.H. decided on the treatment required by an injured bricklayer or a dressmaker with bronchitis? And supposing that the Public Health Committee decided to "dole out," on the merits of the case and in accordance with the scale approved by the Brighton Town Council, the sum of 7s. 6d. (or 10s. if necessary) a week for the maintenance of the children of the dressmaker while she was laid by, why should that be so much worse for the economic independence of the dressmaker, than if 7s. 6d. were being paid over to her by the Local Health Committee under the National Insurance scheme? The poor have been only too well familiarised with this cant phrase of their "economic independence" by C.O.S. philanthropists and "middle-class" reformers. They hear it in connection with the feeding and medical treatment of their children; they have heard it in connection with the Old Age Pensions of their fathers; and now they are to be warned off an organised public health service by the same cry. Is it not time to "get behind names," in THE NATION's own words, and realise that the economic independence of the working class is not nearly so sickly a plant as some suppose, while their physical condition is a great deal more serious for the community than apologists for insurance appear to understand?—Yours, &c.,

C. M. LLOYD (Organising Secretary).

37, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

August 29th, 1911.

UNIVERSITIES AND WORKING CLASSES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow me to make, in all seriousness, a suggestion in regard to the education problem which most of your readers will regard with derision? Is not the time come when all education should be made free and none of it compulsory? Let us do all we can to make our schools attractive, and to perfect our educational methods and curricula; let us attract, not compel, our scholars to their tasks. If this change could be introduced, there might be a

great falling-off in the demand for the news-sheets which live upon sporting tips and police-court reports, and for the lower kinds of fiction; but the work of our teachers would be rendered immensely more effective and profitable, and "book-learning" might be restored to its former position of respectability even among our well-to-do classes. It will probably be admitted on all hands that a certain proportion of our conscript scholars derive little or no benefit from the hours they spend in school; but it will be said that under the system here proposed some of the most promising children will not pass through the schools, and that their abilities will therefore be lost to the nation. In answer to this objection, it is perhaps sufficient to adduce the case of Abraham Lincoln, who taught himself the three R.'s by the aid of a piece of charcoal and the flickering light of a log fire; but it may be said also that, for anything we know to the contrary, our present compulsory methods may stifle and stultify, as often as they develop, the talents hidden here and there among the children of the nation. At the risk of making your democratic readers really angry, I will amplify my suggestion in the following way:—Let us enhance the attractions of education by restricting the Parliamentary franchise to those adults who can pass the simple educational test of filling up the ballot paper according to instructions printed upon it.—Yours, &c.,

W. McDougall.

Oxford, August 28th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Though no one can fail to have been greatly interested in the correspondence provoked by Canon Barnett's article on "The Universities and the Working Classes," I venture to think that a review of it as a whole will leave an impression of bewildering uncertainty as to what it is all about. There have been suggestions in plenty as to particular reforms in this direction or in that, but I have searched in vain for an explicit statement of what is considered to be the real function of the older Universities, and what type of society it is desired that they should recruit.

Do we wish for a society composed, as ours has been in the past, of classes; or do we wish to do away with classes altogether and replace them by that spirit of universal brotherhood about which some of your correspondents wax so eloquent? For upon the answer which we are prepared to give to this question must, after all, depend our whole treatment of the subject.

Much of the criticism so freely directed against the Universities entirely misses the mark because no one ever desires to contradict it. The Universities and the Public Schools, as they now exist, are purely and simply an instrument for educating an upper and professional class, and also they afford the best means by which men can climb into these classes. They are essentially not a training for working or lower-middle classes, as such. Of course, people who hate the existence of classes, hate the University and Public School system. But for Heaven's sake let them say so straight out; let them tackle the question at its base instead of criticising particular portions of a structure which must stand or fall as a whole. Canon Barnett, in the admirable article which provoked this correspondence, clearly recognises the fact just stated. The Universities now provide "ladders" between the richer and poorer classes. He wants the Universities not to be content with providing "ladders," but to put their knowledge into "conduit-pipes" fitted to carry it to the mass of the nation at large. That is a practical and common-sense suggestion.

But Mr. Beresford seems to me the only one of your other correspondents who has at all grasped this fact. The rest fulminate against the University system when what they really object to is the existence of a society composed of classes, upon which that University system is founded. Mr. Beresford gives his answer to the main question, i.e., that "class feeling would appear to be a fundamental part of man's nature," and in so doing implicitly gives his answer to the whole problem. Muddle-headed people of the type of "Democrat" refuse to face the real issue, and in their attempts to confuse it by stirring up class-hatred they reveal in all their unloveliness the true characteristics of the snob. I am quite certain that neither Mr. Beresford nor anyone else who believed in the existence of classes would dream of regarding the position of working-men as one requiring

"condescension." They merely state the fact that in their opinion the positions are so different that "friendship" in any useful sense of that word is impossible. No question of moral or other values is involved at all. The "idol," such as it is, is one which "Democrat" has himself constructed in order that we may observe how well he pulls it down.

I would suggest the following treatment of the question: If we answer what I have suggested to be the preliminary question by saying that classes should be as far as possible abolished, then we must declare war on the whole of the university and public school system. If we do so, we must expect the "upper" classes to fight very hard for their ancient institutions—for they are their institutions, and we shall be the aggressors. And, if beaten, we must expect some of them to take their sons away to other places, founded to supply this new want. We must resign ourselves to this loss—for loss it will be.

But if, on the other hand, we answer that we do believe in the continuance of classes, though we wish to secure as great fluidity between the classes as possible, we have an equally clear basis on which to act. There are many reforms needed—reforms of curriculum; in certain matters, reforms of discipline; and reforms also in the administration of County Council scholarships. These might with advantage be administered more on the lines suggested by Mr. Birch; but the real point seems to me that the scholarships should be of greater amount. Though true, to a large extent, of the college to which Mr. Birch and I both belong—chiefly because it is the only college which only takes "honors" men—it is not at all true of the universities as a whole that members of the "upper" and "working," or even "lower-middle," classes mingle "with scarcely a suspicion of—and no regard at all for—the social chasm which separates their parents."—Yours, &c.,

August 30th, 1911.

X.

Poetry.

THE FORGEMAN.

Now the forgerman, short and wiry, sober-featured,
pale and lean,
Nerves of steel, and supple-jointed, eager, nimble, sharp,
and keen,
Square-set, broad-shouldered, head erect, athletic, spruce
and trim,
Grey-haired, and pointed in aspect, sinuous, and lithe
of limb;
Sturdy in build, though small of size, he's weathered
many a stroke,
His flesh is hardened with the toil, he's tougher than
the oak;
Sallow his cheek and brown his breast, blistered and hard
his hands,
Steady and stout about the legs, strong on his feet he
stands;
His hair is short upon his head, and shaven clean his
chin,
His bushy brows are iron-grey, his nose is long and thin,
His forehead slopes, his cheeks are high, he shows a fear-
less mood,
The pointed bones beneath his skin are ready to protrude.
Dwarfed, insignificant, and scant, no higher than a span,
A lion's strength is in his frame, a marvel of a man.
Day after day he stands and toils, unflinching, in the
heat,
Singed with the yellow-whizzing sparks, and blinded
with the sweat;
Day after day the work proceeds, with even rate and
pace,
The heavy jackboots on his feet, and the gauze before
his face;

Sturdy he turns the porter round, like a pilot at his
wheel,
And hammers out the ponderous mass, the iron and the
steel.
First from the weltering furnace near, out comes the
flashing ore,
The molten stream runs livid down, and crackles on the
floor.
The mighty crane and pulley creak, and swing the burden
round,
Leaving a fiery, glistening trail in a crescent on the
ground,
The singeing heat strikes full and fierce, the glow is
warm and bright,
The darkest corner is revealed, it sheds a yellow light,
The shadows lengthen on the ground, from objects short
and small,
Or tower into the dizzy roof, and dance along the wall,
Most like huge spectres, bare and grim, that figure in
a tale,
And the workmen's faces take the tint, and show a
deadly pale.
Now, at the word, the blows begin, with fell, terrific
force,
Downward the mighty steel descends, and flattens in its
course,
Out rush the whistling, stinging sparks, in one con-
tinued sheet,
And rattle on the forgerman's mail, and prick him with
the heat,
Coolly he bears the shooting shower, and leaves the stuff
to smoke,
And turns the mighty porter round, intent upon the
stroke,
Now with his mates, with all his might, draws, pushes,
to and fro,
Changes, reverts, curves, bends, improves, and
strengthens with the blow.
The rushing vapour roars aloft with a shrill and strident
sound,
The furnace glitters with the heat, the boilers rage
around,
Upward the blackening cloud ascends, erect, a mountain
high,
A climbing solitary spire, like a pillar in the sky,
Constant the whirling wheel revolves, the engine flies
the same;
Smoke, ashes, sulphur, soot, and dust, sparks, splinters,
shot, and flame.
More lightly now the ringing blows, the heavy pounding
stops,
Calmly the forger stoops aside, and shakes the shivering
drops,
Receives the gauges from his mate, and tries the sizes
round,
Measures the mass from end to end, and casts them on
the ground,
Resumes the porter's iron weight, and shouts above the
din,
Again the ponderous steel descends, the steady blows
begin;
More careful now the hammer's stroke, it's solid through
and through—
There's just a little rounding here, a few short blows will
do,
A little squaring on the end, a clap upon the side,
An inch of taper underneath, it's just a trifle wide.
Forthwith the requisite is done, the gauges fit and meet,
The solid mass is hammered out, the forging is complete.
One thing remains, the adjoining bar, the fulcrum, or the
stay,
Up goes the trimmer's ready blade, and lops the mass
away,
The heavy forging's drawn aside with the pulley and the
crane,
A second heat is coming on, the din's resumed again;
Onward the sturdy forgerman toils, he suffers and
conceals,
Deaf to the hammer's thund'rous din, and the roaring
of the wheels.

ALFRED WILLIAMS.

Reviews.

DEMOCRACY AND PARTY.

"Democracy and the Party System in the United States: A Study in Extra-constitutional Government." By M. OSTROGORSKI. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

"EXTRA-CONSTITUTIONAL" is becoming so common a term among writers on American affairs that it is, perhaps, worth while to ask what its exact significance is. In the brief written Constitution of the United States, which is, after all, a kind of standard or golden rule rather than a complete manual of the minute conduct of government, many practical details are necessarily left unmentioned. Indeed, the omissions are so very numerous, that if "extra-constitutional" covers them all, it means too much to mean anything. On the other hand, what line exists, authoritative or otherwise, to divide unmentioned procedures into "extra" and "intra"? Not only is the term obscure in itself, but it draws attention away from the definite fact that anti-constitutional government is to be found in the United States. M. Ostrogorski himself makes so much of this fact that the other epithet is really inadequate for his study.

When he tells us that his subject is "the evolution of the American party system and its actual working," it must be borne in mind that he is not simply a describer, but a critic and reformer who has a plea to make and a cause to defend. The nature of the cause will be known to readers of his previous work, "Democracy and the Organisation of Political Parties," on the second volume of which the present essay is founded. It has gained, however, an independent value of its own, both by adding a good many new facts, and, still more, by giving us a complete revision of the author's conclusions. If we here look chiefly at the latter, taking the theoretical rather than the descriptive side of the book, it is not because the former is an unduly obtrusive side, but because a choice has to be made and M. Ostrogorski is more distinctly a philosopher than a compiler.

That a rigid two-party system is a defective means of governing by public opinion—to quote Lord Morley's definition of democracy—no one is likely to deny. The dispute is rather whether the alternative advocated by M. Ostrogorski—free, transitory combinations of voters—is workable in a large complex community. Since no faults of the *régime* he condemns can be made to prove the practical feasibility of that which he advocates, it might be said that unfavorable evidence from America about the two-party system does not affect the dispute. Yet, in fact, such evidence may have an influence, inasmuch as a convincing demonstration of positive evil in one quarter will naturally enhance the attractions of another, and the question of feasibility in this case is not altogether independent of that of the public will, though the two may be by no means identical. Attention should, therefore, be called to a little confusion pervading the book in this regard. Underlying M. Ostrogorski's criticism of the American situation are two different propositions—the one, that the two-party system has been dishonestly managed in the United States; the other, that the two-party system is always bad, even where it is honestly managed.

The wider of these two propositions is M. Ostrogorski's main thesis as a political philosopher; but much of his American material is pertinent only to the narrower one, which might be proved to the hilt (and M. Ostrogorski does amply establish it) without any progress being made towards demonstrating the general assertion. Our author's good faith is not, of course, in doubt, but the reader's attention should not be asked to strain itself too far, and M. Ostrogorski does sometimes ask a good deal of it—for instance, in his concluding chapter—by mingling illustrations and testimony that differ in the breadth of their bearing, and by gliding from the minor proposition to the major and back again with little or nothing to mark the transitions.

Needless to say, this study is readable and well-informed, and M. Ostrogorski is especially happy in his sketch of recent American attempts to clean the party "machines" by introducing State control of them. The

State has practically said to the two great parties—the Republican and Democratic:—

"Because your private affairs are not managed in the public interest, the State will partially conduct them for you, taking charge of your private party meetings at which you select your respective candidates for public office, laying down the method of settling your private party programmes, and regulating your private party finances."

It was hoped that this move would take the "machines" out of the hands of the "bosses" and make them more expressive of the will of the general membership of the parties. M. Ostrogorski says this hope has proved vain, and perhaps it has. Anyhow, by assuming control of the private machines the State has really turned them into public institutions and incorporated them into the Government. And by recognising only these two parties it virtually imposes on all citizens who wish to exercise their civic rights the necessity of enrolling themselves into one or the other. Before a citizen may take part in the nomination meetings, which are, in fact, the antechamber of the public poll, he must satisfy the State authorities that he is a "regular" Republican or Democrat. This is certainly an extraordinary piece of State interference, and it may well arouse the indignation of an apostle of independent non-party voting. M. Ostrogorski condemns it as "fatal," "illegitimate," and futile, and as going beyond what has happened even in the constitutional throes of his native Russia:—

"In no free country has such an interference been attempted. Russia alone has recently hit on the idea of 'legalising' parties, certainly without knowledge of the American precedent. Pressed hard, the Russian autocracy was compelled, in 1905, to consent to a semblance of constitutional government. But when confronted with political parties born of the freedom wrested from it in a moment of despondency, it contrived to sort them, giving recognition to the harmless and denying existence to the wicked. A special police board was established, to which any party had to apply for 'legalisation.' But, then, the Russian Government proved at least consistent: while prosecuting and persecuting the non-legalised parties, it did not meddle with the parties allowed to live. The American State suppresses no party, but interferes with all."

When M. Ostrogorski says that the Democratic State has no right to grant monopolies of the franchise by entering into partnership with private organisations, he is not likely to be gainsaid. But when he goes on to argue that if the State were to control the preliminary meetings, at which candidates for the "general election," as we might say, are chosen, in a strictly non-partisan manner, without regard to Republicans, Democrats, or any other private organisation—that, then, there would be some chance of abolishing the two-party *régime*, he is not so easy to follow. The point deserves attention, for his plan of a State-conducted, non-partisan nominating system is almost the only concrete step suggested by M. Ostrogorski for realising his ideal of "free combination." Moreover, we, on this side of the Atlantic, can partly guess at the value of the remedy from experience of our own conditions. Would much be done among ourselves towards enabling "independent" candidates to enter Parliament if a preliminary ballot, for which aspirants might be entered by "petition," (i.e., by a certain number of voters, irrespective of their previous political affiliations), were instituted by the State in each constituency to decide what candidates might stand at the final poll? It is to be feared that the double election would not much lessen the power of existing organisations, and M. Ostrogorski admits that his remedy, though fortified by "preferential voting," would fail in the United States—that the "bosses" would still capture the outworks as hitherto the stronghold—unless it were accompanied by a change of heart and habit in the electors.

This is a great "unless." Let us look more closely at the substitute for the present *régime*, which M. Ostrogorski, though showing so few steps towards it, declares to be "within the range of practical possibility."

"Is not the solution demanded by the problem of parties an obvious one? Does it not consist in discarding the use of permanent parties with power as their aim, and in restoring and reserving to party its essential character of a combination of citizens formed specially for a particular political issue? Party, as a wholesale contractor for the numerous and varied problems, present and to come, should give place to special organisations limited to particular objects and forming and reforming spontaneously, so to speak, according to the changing problems of life and the play of opinion brought about thereby. Citizens who part company on one question would join forces on another."

The basic conditions for the corruption and tyranny engendered by the present party *régime* will disappear with their material foundation, which is permanence of organisation, and their moral foundation, which is the conforming habit of party adherents. The temporary and special character of the parties created on the new method will not permit of the enrolment and maintenance of those standing armies with whose help power is won and exploited; and party 'regularity' will no longer have an object, since permanent homage is not to be paid to what is transitory."

When we glance at this attractive prospect, our exclamation must surely be, "Tell us how to get there!" M. Ostrogorski, however, really does not disclose anything like a road to it. His "cures" for the "present régime," beyond the nominating system with preferential voting already mentioned, have little reference, except to the minor proposition of American corruption. Here they are: Reduction of the number of elective offices; increase of the term of office; emancipation of the President from the Senatorial bosses; reform of the Senate; the "recall," or withdrawal by the electors of their mandate before its period has run out; and a few more of similar bearing.

M. Ostrogorski does, of course, suggest an indefinite approach to his goal through a change of heart and habit in the public, but of the lightness with which he is ready to assume the possibility of this change—to assume, that is, the abolition of "the moral foundation of party, which is the conforming habit of party adherents"—there could not, perhaps, be a sharper criticism than his naïve assertion that "party came down to us as an inheritance of the ecclesiastical and theological age."

In short, M. Ostrogorski makes far too little of *partis pris*, both as a deep trait of human nature, and as a necessary factor of representative government in a community of forty or eighty millions. He declares "permanent organisation" to be not only irrational, but practically superfluous, and confronts us with this "argument of facts": "In the United States as elsewhere the old parties are breaking up; they can no longer contain the incongruous elements brought together under the common flag." But has the two-party system ever really been anything else than a system of two coalitions grouping on either side a number of more or less distinct interests? The elements of the coalitions have surely been always mutable; and though they are undoubtedly changing at present in the United States, this by no means says that the two-coalition system is breaking up. If that system disappeared in favor of M. Ostrogorski's "new method" of "temporary parties," "limited to special objects and forming and reforming spontaneously, so to speak," what would follow? The battle, apparently, would be transformed into a *mêlée*; but could representative government in a great country proceed satisfactorily from a *mêlée*? However varying the subordinate groups may be—and in France one already hears of the "governmental fractions," rather than of the "governing party"—it is probably inevitable that they should coalesce into two main groups for the electoral struggle, which main groups must always require something in the way of two standing headquarters, not to say "machines."

THE PLAYING FIELDS.

"A History of Eton College." By Sir H. C. MAXWELL LYTE. Fourth Edition. (Macmillan. 21s. net.)

THE spirit of romance, combined with historical tradition, has over most minds a strong and subtle influence. To be able to trace back the origins of a building, a family, or an institution, through the ages, and illustrate the stages of its growth with anecdote and record gleaned from ancient chronicles, creates a glamor and casts a spell that enthralls the historic sense, while it deadens the critical faculty. Here is a buttress, a window, a doorway, that dates back some hundreds of years. The buttress now supports nothing, the window is blind, the doorway is blocked. But who would destroy them? They tell the story of a bygone age, linked by unbroken architectural growths with the present day. Here is a title still extant, though the office it denoted has vanished; here a custom which may seem meaningless, but its curious origin is known, and we are loth to abolish it. And so, out of parchment and stone, a tradition is fabricated

and preserved with the most reverend care. No one but a vandal, surely, would dare to lay rough hands on such a legacy from the past. The atmosphere thus created has in it much of the aroma of museums and of the Record Office. It can be found in full intensity round the ruins of a famous castle or abbey. But, although no one would deny its wonderful charm, it is about as dangerous and destructive to the progressive development of a modern educational establishment as any evil influence that can be imagined. A critic may dig his knife deep down when he is dealing with some modern school, established only a score of years ago—a school which is perhaps trying to grapple with the problems as they present themselves in their most modern aspect. But should he even scratch the surface in his comments on one of our old public schools, a shower of execrations will immediately fall upon him. In the former case, he may scoff as much as he likes at new-fangled notions, fads, and experiments. But in the latter case his remonstrances will always be met with the excuse of "tradition." Without sympathising with the attitude of the "futurists" who would have us break with all the traditions of the past and destroy the memorials and works of our forefathers, the science of education, we may justly claim, stands on a footing of its own, and would seem to demand a complete severance from obsolete and discarded notions of another age. It is an art as well as a science, and it requires constant refreshment in order that adaptability and adaptation to the rapid changes of environment may be continuous.

Sir H. C. Maxwell Lyte, in the fourth and enlarged edition of his "History of Eton College," presents a sumptuous volume of historical and archaeological records. So rich in historic and personal interest are the chronicles of this ancient foundation, that it has been possible to produce a book of 600 pages on Eton without touching on the problem of education at all, except for the bare mention of changes in the curriculum. Since its foundation by Henry VI., the school has been the special care and interest of successive monarchs, who have watched it and patronised it from their home at Windsor. On the roll of fame are the names of many men of high distinction in our national life, and fame still remains the test of service with Etonians. For centuries Eton has been the training-ground for aristocrats and the wealthy class. As they have hitherto had the *entrée* to the higher posts in public life all to themselves, it is not very remarkable that so many prominent men should have been educated at Eton. In four and a half centuries there have, of course, been changes in manners and customs. But it was not till 1871, as a result of the Commission of 1864, that the whole code of statutes issued by Henry VI. was repealed, and some attempt made to modernise the organisation of the school.

The account of the long line of Provosts and Headmasters is perhaps the most entertaining part of the volume. The outstanding figure among them is certainly Sir Henry Wotton, who was appointed Provost in 1622, on his return from Venice, where he had filled the post of Ambassador. A ripe scholar, the first great English letter writer, a poet, and a fisherman, he did not neglect the interests of Eton, for "he was a constant cherisher of all those youths in that school in whom he found either a constant diligence or a genius that prompted them to learning." We should, indeed, have had complete confidence in the educational ideals of the man who wrote the wonderful little poem that begins:—

"How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill."

Anecdotes of Goodall and Keate, at a later date, bring out vividly the life at Eton of that day. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the total number of boys in the school was under 400, and reached over 500 at the end of that century. The school has now swollen to the unwieldy and unmanageable number of 1,000. The cost of board and tuition in 1724 was £21 a year. It is now over £200 for an Oppidan—that is to say, for the vast majority who are not on the foundation. A schoolboy's life in the sixteenth century shows a discipline which was religious in tone and very strenuous. Imagine an Etonian of to-day having to make his own bed, sweep out the dormitory, and put his head under the college pump for a morning wash.

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It can be gathered, even from the pages of this history, that the school, like the class it serves, has never been a pioneer of enlightened thought and new ideas, but it has lagged behind until the force of outside opinion has dragged it on a step further. In an institution so steeped in conservatism, with its roots so deeply buried in the past, the spirit of reform must ever be unwelcome and unpopular. Surely this is unfortunate in England's largest public school, and yet the task of real innovation would be almost superhuman in such surroundings. Eton inspires a wonderful loyalty, enthusiasm, and affection in her sons, and these entirely blind them to her faults. The same spirit which made an Etonian in 1693 declare: "This is a brave school, and the best teaching in the world," makes Lord Rosebery, in 1911, say, in a mood of exuberance: "Eton, to my mind, is the supreme scholastic educational establishment of the whole world." Etonians, as matter of fact, go out into the world for the most part ill-educated and saturated with class prejudice, which is the one thing they are really successfully taught. But they remain jealous guardians of the old traditions under which they were brought up. And so the school goes on, backed by the adulation of her own progeny, bound by conventions, oblivious of failures, and regardless of the rapid developments in the nation's life outside. Does Eton realise that the time is at hand when birth and wealth are no longer to be the only passport to high position, when the sons of aristocrats and of rich men, who have had it all their own way in the past, are to be made to compete with the common herd, who are becoming self-conscious and educated in a way quite unknown to Eton? Will she show herself capable of equipping her boys for this stern competition? These are pertinent questions for those who have the welfare of Eton at heart. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, almost without a rival, she could set her own standard. In the nineteenth century other schools came into the field of competition, but still she managed to hold her own. In the twentieth century it is not the rivalry of other schools she has to face, but the approaching wave of an enlightened democracy, which demands of its agents, its officers, and its leaders a great deal more than Eton at present is prepared to give them.

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"The Origin of Tragedy: with special reference to the Greek Tragedians." By WILLIAM RIDGEWAY. (Cambridge University Press, 6s. 6d. net.)

EVEN a tithe of the boldly-conceived and brilliantly-argued hypotheses which Professor Ridgeway has launched like thunderbolts upon the learned world would make the fortune of a less gifted scholar; and the present volume is as rich a mine as ever. We may notice some of its minor contributions to learning later; but our chief concern must be with the central theory, upon which the "Heathen Pass-ee" of the future will assuredly have to furnish himself with adequate note.

Aristotle tells us in the "Poetics" that Tragedy arose from the improvisations of the "leaders of the dithyramb"; that it was originally "satyric," ludicrous, and composed in the trochaic tetrameter; and that it only gradually attained its later solemnity. The dithyramb is first mentioned by

Archilochos, who lived in the middle of the seventh century B.C., and writes (in trochaic tetrameters): "I can lead the dithyramb of the Lord Dionysus, when my soul is stricken with the thunderbolts of wine." Herodotus tells us that Arion of Methymna "first composed a dithyramb, gave it that name, and taught it to a chorus in Corinth," and though the lines of Archilochos prove that he was wrong about the name, his statement is good evidence for the tradition that the dithyramb as a form of literature, accompanied by music and the dance, was the creation of Arion (about B.C. 600). The biographical notice of Arion in Suidas's Lexicon, derived from some Alexandrine grammarian, besides giving some obviously fictitious details and paraphrasing Herodotus's statement, assigns to him the invention of the τραγικός τρόπος and says that he introduced "Satyrs speaking in metre." This tends to show that the performances at the Court of Periander were the precursors of the "tragedies" acted at the Attic Festival of the "Dionysia in the City," to which Pisistratus (if he did not establish it) gave an added splendor. The histories of the dithyramb and of tragedy have this feature in common, that though attached to the cult of Dionysus, they drew their inspiration in later times from the whole mass of heroic legend; but the "tragic" contests are notable in that, beside the "heroic" plays, Satyric dramas were performed which were at first purely Dionysiac, but underwent a gradual transformation somewhat similar to that of Tragedy proper. It is natural to regard this Satyric drama as a rudiment surviving from the time when the tragic performances were more closely connected with the cult of Dionysus, retained through religious conservatism; and this is not inconsistent with the statement of Suidas that Pratinas of Sikyon, an older contemporary of Æschylus, "first wrote Satyric plays"—which is probably not literally true, since Choerilus, who exhibited in B.C. 524, was a writer of the same *genre*—since the innovation may well have been due to the wish to preserve the Dionysiac features which high tragedy was rapidly discarding.

Such was until recently the received view of the origin of tragedy; it claims the authority of Aristotle, and is in itself not unreasonable. Professor Ridgeway's attack upon it dates from 1904, when he read a paper before the Hellenic Society, advocating the theory that Greek tragedy arose from mimetic dances in honor of the dead. The only clear external evidence of this consists in the statement of Herodotus that before the tyranny of Cleisthenes at Sikyon τραγικοί χοροί were celebrated there "in allusion to the sorrows" of the hero-king Adrastus, and that the tyrant assigned (ἀπέδωκε) the dances to Dionysus and the sacrifice to Melanippus. This puts the case at its strongest for Professor Ridgeway, for ἀπέδωκε has generally been taken to mean "restored." Confirmation is sought in the internal evidence of the early Attic drama, in which the scene is sometimes laid at the tomb of a hero, and dirges are not uncommon; and in parallels drawn from the practices of primitive Asiatic peoples. The name "Goat-song" (for τραγῳδία can mean nothing else) is, on this theory, nothing more than the song of men dressed in goat-skins, the common garb of the Greek peasant; and the rude carnival plays acted by mummers at the present day in Thrace and Thessaly, which have been witnessed by Mr. Dawkins and Mr. Wace, are cited as parallels for the use of the goat-skin.

The anthropological evidence is very differently interpreted by Dr. Farnell, who connects the Thracian mummery, in which one of the characters is slain and brought to life again, with the legend of Dionysus "of the Black Goat-skin" (Μελάναιγος) who aided Melanthes ("black man") in a duel with Xanthos ("fair man"). In the legend, Melanthes is a Messenian who championed the cause of Athens against the Boeotian Xanthos; but by a process familiar to anthropologists, Dr. Farnell converts them into "black god" and "fair god." Dr. Farnell believes that tragedy, or the dance of the "goats"—i.e., men wearing goat-skins—was celebrated in honor of Dionysus Μελάναιγος and that the cult was introduced into Athens at the time of Pisistratus. There are many objections to this theory, and Professor Ridgeway, as might be expected, makes the most of them. We do not know when the cult of Dionysus Μελάναιγος, which came from Eleutherae in Boeotia, was brought to Athens, but tradition pointed to the period of the Kings, and connected it with the ancient festival of the Apaturia, with which the drama had no link whatever. Moreover, the theory explains the origin

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of *Attic* tragedy only, and cuts it off from its roots in "dithyrambic" poetry, or the like, thus incurring in an even higher degree what is probably the most serious objection which the rival theory of Professor Ridgeway has to meet.

We might well recognise the probability that that theory contains a portion of the truth without sacrificing the well-attested derivation of the artistic form of tragedy from the dithyrambic chorus and the improvisations of its "leader," and the close connection of these performances with the cult of Dionysus (of whom *Διθύραμβος* was a cult title). The "mimetic dances in honor of the dead," if such existed at Sicily and elsewhere, would possess a natural attraction for the cult of the God of Death and Resurrection, and the coalescence of both forms of worship might well issue in tragedy as we know it. Since Professor Ridgeway's views were first publicly put forward, Dieterich has taken this further step, and we should have been glad to see in the volume before us some pronouncement upon the suggestion, which it would be out of place here to criticise. For this we would have sacrificed some of the discussion of extant tragedies, which fills the latter part of the book, and is not very conclusive. Incidentally, however, we come across some remarkably ingenious and original suggestions, such as that which concerns the scene of the "Eumenides" of *Æschylus*. This was first made public in 1907, and Dr. Verrall has, we think, criticised it very fairly in his recent edition of the play. If an "empty stage" be assumed after v. 568, the second change of scene follows easily.

In his eagerness to prove a case Professor Ridgeway is at times sophistical. For example, he is anxious to show that the *θυμέλη* of the Greek theatre represents the heroic tomb. He therefore translates *βωμός* by "altar or tomb" in the descriptions of the *θυμέλη* by ancient writers, who surely used the word in the former sense; and having suppressed the words *ἀπὸ τῆς τραπέζης* in translating the definition of the "Etymologicon Magnum," he says a little later that "there is not a single word in the ancient sources to show that a table was ever called a *θυμέλη*." Again, he argues that since Aristotle "regarded Tragedy as the outcome of the Epic," it cannot have arisen from "Satyric" poetry. Had he quoted Professor Bywater's literal translation of the "Poetics," instead of the loose rendering of Professor Butcher, it would have been perfectly clear that Aristotle did not "regard Tragedy as the outcome of the Epic" in any sense which supports his main thesis.

GERMAN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT OF TO-DAY.

"The Fifth International Congress of Free Christianity." Papers. (Williams and Norgate. 6d. each.)

THE meeting of the International Congress of Free Christianity took place last year in Berlin, and the papers which were read at it are now in course of publication. One of the principal subjects before the delegates was the present condition of German theology and German church life, and it is the papers dealing with this subject which are now before us in an English translation. It cannot be said that the translators have always been successful in giving us a true rendering of the original, and we must also add that the printing, which has evidently been done in Germany, is not always up to the mark. Many of the readers of the papers are men of the highest distinction in the German Church, and it is a pity that greater care was not taken to see that their words were properly produced in an English dress. An address of great interest was delivered by Professor Troeltsch, of Heidelberg, on "The Possibility of a Free Christianity." Of all the religious leaders in Germany at the present time Professor Troeltsch is one of the most influential, and he is fully entitled to the regard in which he is held by so many of his fellow countrymen. His view is that men of liberal opinions in church matters should not break away from existing ecclesiastical organisations in order to form little communities of their own. They should look for space and room, he says, among the existing churches, and they should aim at securing as much freedom as possible within these churches. The days of mere dissent are over; it is much more fruitful to liberalise the Church from within than to set up a new and rival organisation without.

One of the things which militate most against the progress of a more liberal type of Christianity is the present training of the clergy. On this subject Professor Weinell, of Jena, read a very valuable paper which our professors in England who prepare young men for the ministry would do well to study. He is quite aware of the dangers to belief which confront a young man entering one of our great Universities. But he is emphatically opposed to the close and stifling atmosphere of the mere ecclesiastical seminary. One of the defects of present day theological education is that it is burdened with too much dead learning. Fourth and fifth century liturgies, Trinitarian and Christological controversies may be very interesting to the investigator, but the clergyman of to-day need not know their details, nor the ins and outs of the ecclesiastical policy of Alexandria and Rome. The dogmatic history of the Middle Ages may be left entirely to the Roman Catholic Church and to specialists. Even the minute study of sixteenth-century Protestantism and the growth of our existing liturgies are so much dead ballast. In place of all this, Professor Weinell contends that the theologian of to-day should have a full grasp of the history of our intellectual life from the time of Kant onwards. He must possess this knowledge in order that he may be able to help his contemporaries towards a true conception of the world and life. He should be acquainted with the writings of Darwin and Marx, Comte and Spencer, and even with the lesser intellectual lights of our own day. It is difficult to say what position men like Eucken and Bergson will ultimately occupy in the world of thought, but they are at present exercising a deep influence on contemporary ideas, and it is essential that our Sunday instructors should be familiar with their points of view. It is Professor Weinell's opinion that the theological curriculum should be widened by bestowing more attention on the history, the philosophy, and the psychology of religion. No man is properly equipped for the task of inculcating Christian ideals, or is capable of defending these ideals, whose range of vision is confined to the Biblical theology of the Old and New Testaments. The world, as Professor Troeltsch says, will never be able to live on philosophic atheism or on an artificial resurrection of Platonism and Stoicism, or on the anarchy of aphorisms. Christian Theism is still the highest and most satisfactory solution of the riddle of the universe. But it must be presented to the world by men who know the position and attitude of its adversaries.

Christian Theism, in the view of our German professors, is not a decaying religion; but it will decay if it allows itself to be thrust out of sight on the plausible plea that religion is, after all, only a private matter. The whole history of religion, whatever form it assumes, is a proof that it is essentially social, as well as individual, and always tends to form itself into a church or community of believers. When we look at the origin and development of the Christian Church we see that the Christian society has assumed a multiplicity of outward forms, and one of the most interesting papers is the account given by Dr. Foerster, of Frankfurt, of the organisation of the Protestant churches in Germany. When Luther finally abandoned the hope of effective reform within the Roman system, two alternatives presented themselves before him. The first was that the people of each locality should form a congregation, elect a preacher, build a church and school, establish a common fund, and maintain discipline among themselves under the protection and supervision of the magistrate. But the people of his day were not sufficiently advanced for the realisation of such an ideal, and the peasants' war effectually put an end to it. Luther had to turn to the State. As in his eyes secular rulers, as well as ecclesiastics, were the ministers of God, he had no hesitation in asking them to provide for the outward maintenance of the Church. The central conception of the most primitive form of Christianity—the Kingdom of God—is a conception which embraces every department of human life, the State as much as the Church, and Luther, in conformity with this view, had none of that abhorrence of the State which is so conspicuous in Calvinism, Romanism, and English dissent. All natural forms of human fellowship are equally sacred in the eyes of the great German reformer, and he had no hesitation in re-organising the Protestant Churches of Germany under the auspices of the State. Since Luther's

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time changes in circumstances have led to modifications in detail; but at the present moment each German principality has its own State church, with the result that there are thirty-one State churches within the German Empire. The formation of new denominations is permitted by German law. But every citizen is regarded as a member of the National Church unless he goes through the prescribed legal formality of quitting it.

In a paper on the "Art of Preaching in Germany," by Professor Niebergall, of Heidelberg, we have an account of the method adopted by the German pastor of reaching the mind and conscience of his audience. In the Fatherland attendance at church rests no longer on the assumed commands of God, and the services, if they are to attract the people, must offer to free and enlightened human beings something which interests and appeals to them. Life, nature, country, labor—in fact, the whole domain of cosmic and human activity—must be embraced by the pulpit, for the day of holy phrases and pious monologues has gone. Space does not permit us to comment on Dr. Harnack's address on the "Double Gospel in the New Testament," or on Professor Dörner's "Philosophy of Religion in the Nineteenth Century," or on Herr von Soden's and Professor Gunkel's views of the results of the critical study of the Old and New Testaments. But all of them are valuable and interesting. At a time when religious education is likely to become once more a burning question with ourselves, Professor Baumgarten's review of the position of religious education in Germany deserves to be seriously studied. "It cannot be denied," he says, "that a great number of our countrymen leave school and their instruction preparatory to Confirmation weary of religious subjects, and with their religious sense blunted by the perpetual repetition of the Catechism and of Bible stories." On this matter the German home is opposed to the school, and all the educative result of religious teaching is counterbalanced by the opposition of the home. The people at present consider that their children are taught religion from ulterior motives, and they do their utmost to destroy its influence.

AN INGENIOUS ROMANCE.

"Ladies Whose Bright Eyes." By FORD MADON HUEFFER.
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In "Ladies Whose Bright Eyes," Mr. Ford Hueffer has hit on a form that does justice to his original vein of fantastic imagination. In his "trilogy" of historical novels he displayed, indeed, his unusual gifts of descriptive painting and imaginative improvisation, but the latter did not accord altogether happily with the carefully-studied illusion of historical events and historical personages. A freer medium was needed, in which his innate romanticism could spread its wings without check or boundary. The element of fantasy is so insistent in his talent that he never quite perceives when he is overstepping the just limits of his subject. His problem is to find a field in which his inexhaustible fancy, his eye for picturesque detail, and his curiously detailed knowledge of medievalism can blend into a convincing whole. His theme—the experiences of a modern man who finds himself incontinently thrown back into the life of the fourteenth century—is handled with such natural ease, with so fresh and cunning a touch, that he lifts us over the barriers of time, custom, and environment which hem in the poverty-stricken imaginations of the great majority. And the introduction into the scene of this modern figure of Mr. Sorrell, a London publisher who finds himself transformed into the body of a Greek slave, returned to England from Palestine in the year 1326, is effected in a manner both daring and ingenious. We all remember how singularly infelicitous was Mark Twain's novel of "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," how dreary the fun, how vulgar the burlesque of the medieval atmosphere. But Mr. Sorrell acts as a drawbridge between the ideas of Kensington and Holland Park and the manners and outlook of barons, clerics, noble ladies, nuns, serfs, and retainers of the early fourteenth century. He is let down, so to say, from our side to the misty ground of medieval Wiltshire, and through his experiences we penetrate the

historical haze and find ourselves treading solid earth, unfamiliar, it is true, but soon reassuring to the modern foot.

The introductory pages are highly ingenious. The hero, Mr. Sorrell, is deep in conversation in a Pullman car when his express is wrecked near Salisbury. At this moment he happens to be holding in his hand the famous Tamworth-Egerton crucifix, which the owner, the beautiful and distressed Mrs. Egerton, has deposited with him in return for a loan of £250. Mr. Sorrell is badly injured in the shock of the accident, and when he returns to consciousness it is to find himself robed in a single linen garment, trudging after a nun who is traversing Salisbury Plain on a mule. Mr. Sorrell, we must add, is clever at languages, and he is not long in discovering that the nun is addressing him in some Southern French dialect. He also remembers clearly enough that at the moment his train was derailed Mrs. Egerton was telling him the family legend of the faithful Greek slave who had travelled from Palestine to Tamworth Castle, journeying across Europe while bearing the gold crucifix as a message from his crusading master. Mr. Sorrell, who retains all his modern ideas in his new medieval environment, is now considerably staggered by the sight of several bodies depending from a large oak tree, while on the skyline he sees the outline of no fewer than three other gallows, whose fruit, the nun explains to him, are "Très meschians gents, voleurs attrapés par le très noble Sire de Coucy avant son départ." Mr. Sorrell wavers between two ideas, the first that he himself is delirious, and thus must have escaped from a hospital after the railway accident; and the second is that the people of the district, in fact a large part of Wiltshire, have been holding a pageant, and that the thing is being a good deal overdone. In this astounded state of mind he succeeds in reaching the hamlet of Stapleton, where his fame as a holy man returned from the East has preceded him, and he is forthwith made to realise that something has happened to him which has "knocked him clean through time, 583 years, as a cricket ball is struck by a bat." The nuns of St. Radigund, with their confessors and mass priest, dispute with the Lady Blanche de Coucy as to in whose hands the holy man from the East and his sacred relic shall remain. The Lady Blanche wins by force of arms and feminine determination, and Mr. Sorrell is then initiated into the pleasures of castle life. It is impossible to follow here the ingenious turns and twists of the narrative, but we may say that the author gets his historical illusion by a profusion of convincing details, and the humor of his fantasy arises from the impact of the medieval system with our modern superstitions. To quote a passage is scarcely fair to the author, since his pages have a cumulative effect. But the extract may serve to illustrate his method:—

"Beyond another little door Mr. Sorrell and his guide came into a sunlit garden. Here there were paved walks of stone, plots of grass, and little, low fences of trellis work, along which there grew a great profusion of red and white striped roses. A white deer that had about its neck a collar of gold came trotting towards them, and it was followed by a brown monkey that sprang on to the gown of Mr. Sorrell's guide, and felt in his pockets for food. In the middle of this garden there stood a fair house, all of square stones. It was of three storeys, and had five high gables. In the large stone hall of the ground floor, five boys were playing ball. These were the Dean's pages, and upstairs in a little room sat the Dean, to whom his lean chaplain was reading a book of travels of Dares and Dictys.

"Ha!" the Dean exclaimed, and pleasure showed itself upon his face, 'you are come to tell me more prophecies! I had rather hear you than many books.' For this Dean was a man with an insatiable taste for hearing tales, and, above all, prophecies. Mr. Sorrell reflected for a moment.

"For the first time since he had been in those parts, Mr. Sorrell felt that he was about to conduct a sane and ordinary business interview. The Dean smiled upon him indulgently, his hands folded upon his comfortable stomach, and, making no more words about it, he said:—

"I desire to marry the Lady Dionissia."

"The Dean surveyed him for a moment or two of silence.

"I do not understand why you should desire to marry her. Besides, she is married already."

"But you understand," Mr. Sorrell said, 'that I desire to do things respectfully.'

"The Dean looked at him rather blankly.

"I do not understand that word," he said, 'I have never heard it.'

"Why, it means," Mr. Sorrell answered—and he racked his head for a French word with which to make his meaning clear—"it means decently, in order. . . ."

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"The Dean threw his head back and laughed.
 "That you can hardly do, for it is neither decent nor in order to desire to marry a lady who is already married."

"I desire to do it," Mr. Sorrell said, "with the sanction of the Church."

"That, of course," the Dean said seriously, "is another matter."

"He was silent for some moments, and then he said:

"Can you not be persuaded to abandon this endeavor? For I am sure you may enjoy, if you have not enjoyed already, all the little delights of love."

"Mr. Sorrell attempted an 'Oh!' of scandalised protest, but the Dean waved it aside with one fat hand."

"For consider," he said, "what troubles this shall bring upon the head of you and of this gentle lady. What outcries will there not be; what journeyings backwards and forwards to Rome; what rages of fathers and husbands and cousins! I am sure the Lady Dionissia is not of one mind with you."

"The Lady Dionissia thinks as I desire her to think," Mr. Sorrell said. "Hitherto she has not given much thought to such things; but she listens to my desires, and I desire that this should be arranged decently and in order."

"The Dean looked at him with an air of pleasant mystification."

"This is a very strange matter," he said, "but I cannot find that it is discreditable in you to desire to have the blessing of the Church upon your union. Nevertheless it is strange and unnatural."

Most of the medieval characters are sketched with the same naturalness and ease as the Dean, though it is characteristic of the author that he does not remain satisfied with his best efforts, but often follows them up with improvisations less happy. Considering the extreme difficulty of making your way across country so remote as the England of six hundred years ago, it is remarkable how cleverly he escapes both morasses and precipices. He is at his best when he is expounding with leisurely calm the social arrangements of his period. Thus, we have a most entertaining disquisition, given by the enraged Lady Blanche D'Enguezand de Courcy, on the habit of the English lords of leaving their wives to a disgusting tedium, while they themselves are "prancing in Scotland or laying waste in Flanders, or tilting against the Saracens in Spain." Mr. Sorrell's success in his medieval love affairs, indeed, is due to his being the most proper looking and personable man in the countryside, all the able-bodied men having been drafted off to fight their King's battles. Another most diverting passage is the description of the medieval bath, quite the latest thing in baths, which Mr. Sorrell takes in the inner court of Stapleton Castle, and of the strange lack of sanitary arrangements, and the indifference thereto of the Lady Blanchemain and the Lady Amoureuse. The medieval passion for law suits is dwelt on, along with other evils and drawbacks of that animated epoch, but the author's success is shown by the reader's growing desire to do as Mr. Sorrell does, and renounce the age in which he was born for the age into which he has stumbled. At times we wonder whether Mr. Hueffer's audacity is supported by historical evidence. His highly-detailed and seemingly-veracious account of the combat in the lists between the Lady Dionissia and the Lady Blanche seems a little too much to swallow, but it is likely enough that the author can quote chapter and verse for it. Mr. Sorrell is fast settling down to the duties and delights of his little Castle of Winterburne St. Martin, in Hampshire, when he is rudely recalled to his duties in the twentieth century by awakening to the sights and sounds of a modern hospital in the town of Salisbury. We shall not lay bare the clever mechanism by which Mr. Hueffer reconciles the love his hero has borne the Lady Dionissia with the love which he is destined to bear for the hospital nurse Dionissia Moraine. It is a very ingenious piece of imaginative dovetailing, and, what is better, very human in its truth of feeling.

After taking time to think over the conclusion of the strike and after reading the reports of the Commission, the Home Railway Market again took fright, and on Wednesday there was quite a nasty slump in a number of the leading securities. It was, however, mainly due to forced liquidation; for there have been severe losses on the Stock Exchange lately, and there must be a good many lame ducks. Of course, the chief losses have been in the American Railway market, and many operators, both at New York and Boston, have been very badly hit. The Union Pacific is going to reduce its staff of employees, and retrenchment is threatened on many other lines. At the same time, it is feared that the American unions are preparing for another fight against capital, and Wall Street is very much in the dumps. All the same, from an investor's point of view, both the Home and the American Railway markets began to look tempting. The report of the Canadian Pacific shows the enormous wealth of the line; but the prices obtained recently have been so high that they can only be justified by an optimistic view of the future. The fundamental strength of the company is shown by the fact that while its cost, including working capital, is about 53 dollars per mile, it is capitalised at only 38 dollars. The attraction of the line consists partly in the value of its unsold lands (half has been disposed of for about 15 million pounds), and partly in the rapidly growing population and trade of Canada. On the other hand, the passage of Reciprocity may temporarily reduce the East to West traffic, and the bumper crop which has been expected this year may be very badly injured by frost. The crop is at least a fortnight late, and reports of frost damage in the West are already arriving.

THE BRAZIL COFFEE LOAN.

The President of the great coffee State of Sao Paulo, in a message to his Congress on August 1st, showed that the Coffee Valorisation Loan is working very satisfactorily. The European bankers insisted that the coffee taken over by the loan should be deposited in Europe, and they are selling it off by fixed instalments. The original loan was for 15 millions sterling, and redemptions in 1909 and 1910 had reduced it by January 1st to £12,197,000; by July 1st last further heavy redemptions had reduced it to £9,347,000. At the beginning of 1910 there were in hand 6,812,000 bags of coffee. About half a million were sold according to contract, and at the beginning of this year 6,305,000 were left, of which over 5,000,000 were at Havre, New York, Hamburg, and Antwerp, smaller consignments being warehoused at London, Rotterdam, Trieste, Marseilles, and Bremen.

During this year 600,000 bags were to be sold, but as prices were high the Coffee Loan Committee decided to double the sales, and, according to the latest report, the stocks have been reduced to just over five million bags. The State of Sao Paulo spends a good deal of money on Coffee Propaganda in various places, which include Tokyo and Barcelona. The Coffee Propaganda in England is managed by the Pure Coffee Company, Limited, under a contract made with two English firms in 1908.

THE FINANCIAL POWER OF PARIS.

During the Morocco dispute some of the Berlin banks, which have been "overloaned" owing to their excessive investments in new Turkish and Argentine bonds, have been thrown into difficulties by withdrawals of credit on the part of Paris. This is the reply of the French bankers to Germany's Morocco policy, and such is the financial strain upon Germany that one of the proposals seriously put forward as a compensation to France for a free hand in Morocco has been that German securities should be admitted on the Paris Bourse. To this a French financial authority answers:—"Such a concession must not even be discussed. A financial affiliation hides graver dangers for us than the surrender of territorial possessions in the Congo." As to the introduction of German industrials to French investors, "Imagine," said a Paris writer, "Frenchmen subscribing capital for Krupp to manufacture guns to bombard their homes!" To judge from the firmness of our foreign market the Morocco dispute must be in a fair way to be settled.

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